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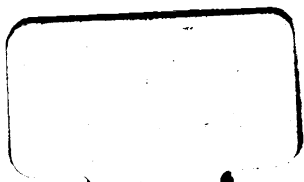


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ALBERT W. BARNETT, M.A.



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P.V.
The ANCIENT of ATLANTIS
AN EPIC POEM

BY
ALBERT ARMSTRONG MANSHIP
Author of "Cosmic Poems," etc.

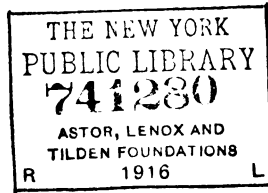


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INTRODUCTION

HAVE you never, in those hours of calm repose
When quiet reigns the circumscribing air,
When blush of June sits lightly on the rose,
And peace and solitude brood everywhere,
When Nature bids the soul to well-earned rest
And quest of folly loses all its zest; —
Have you never given to your thoughts the
wings
Of swift Mercurial mission, when it swings
O'er vast and undulating spaces bright,
And seems from the things of earthly ken
To bear you on a ray of mystic light
To wondrous realms where dwell heroic
men?

Then did you snatch a glimpse past History's veil,
And in that glance see vistas without end
Stretch into lands where glories never fail, —
Where all the myths of centuries must blend?
And did you find the legends of the past
But stories of the deeds which down have cast
Their bright reflections o'er the years which
roll
Them in their sheath as wrapped within a
scroll?
Could you read there of Forces that behind

Introduction

All human effort and its motives work;
That in a mighty unity would bind
Those Purposes which 'neath Life's surface work?

Such was the rare experience one day
A writer of our time was given to know:
Sweet perfumes, ling'ring in the path of May,
Had led him out to fields where flowers grow,
And where the gentle passage of the Spring
Caused bees and birds of love and joy to sing,
Where raptures thrilled the charged and buoyant air,
And elfs and fairies, in their deckings fair,
Seemed to command the soul to quit its home
Amid the body's sordid cares and heaviness,
And, by their guidance led, abroad to roam
Where could be found less cumb'rous happiness.
When languid grew his mind at last and worn
By efforts to resist the assailing force
Of mesmerizing sleep, it finally was borne
Away o'er spaces void, and shaped a course
That led by winding paths through grottoes dim
To where it seemed alone the circling rim
Of the Abyss must meet the approach of thought

Introduction

And where from nothingness were visions
wrought

And dreams of startling trend, whose mean-
ing rare

Lay hid from eyes still closed to Truth's
bright ray —

The Race's progress whole was sculptured
there —

Each symbol showed a step upon the way.

A stately avenue wound in and out

Between the obelisks and pyramids,

The tombstones and the relics strewn about,

To lead th' intruding guest where fancy bids:

'Twas but an intuition drew his soul

Towards what must now appear its purposed
goal:

Inscriptions weird and hieroglyphs outspread

Before his eyes the secrets of the dead:

Ere long he reached within this graveyard
strange

A portion separated from the rest —

A place wherein his pensive mood could
range

Through areas unthought to mortal quest.

Before his eyes an aged form arose

Who held within his hand an open book:

The greatest art could never quite compose

Such mien benign and steadfast, fixing look.

"The ancient one approached and gave," said
he,

Introduction

“ The volume that he bore, and written key
To solve for me the riddles it might hold;
He bade me read the letters writ in gold
Upon the silver leaves, and then to men
Unfold the tale, its unheard wisdom tell,
So all could know the truth, and learn
again
The way out from the depths where sor-
rows dwell.”

Within the memory that never dies,
In characters that never fade away,
The record open and untarnished lies.
The Key of Higher Knowledge which that day
Was trusted to our scribe by Intuition's hand
Instructed him to read of that great land
Which sank beneath an ocean's gulping wave
Where mighty nations found unwilling graves
Twelve thousand years or more ago, they
say.
A Poet in the Book wrote down the tale
Which one has come to sing to you today,
To show how in the end the gods prevail.

BOOK I
NARRATIVE

PROLOGUE

Hoo-AHM his name, the last of that vast brood
Who from the rocky peaks of Atlan's Isle
Swooped down upon the world, and made their
prey

The best the nations had; who held their sway
For sixteen thousand years through force of
arms

And power of will; who built from nought the
law

And to barbarian hordes gave plow and grain,
The ax and spade, the saw and all the tools
Of husbandry, all implements whereby
Men grow in civil bond; who taught them how
To make a record of their greatest deeds
By lore of alphabet and written page,
The use of numbers, sciences and arts: —
Inventions full of skill, the priestly craft,
The knowledge of the stars and how their rays
Affect the spheres of soul and higher mind
And right on earth the errors gods have made;
That highest truth of all, that Good is King
And Good alone is worthy of Man's love
And adoration in his noblest thought.—

All this and more: The symbol of the cross,
The pyramid, the wheel and all machines
The world doth owe unto those mighty minds
Which from Meropa's summit shone,
A light to beam through all the wastes of Time.
Here, in the Astral Sphere, the Poet Soul
Hath found its place, and pleasure takes to sing
The fame of him who of them all is held
'Mid spirits free the greatest son of men.
His birth, his youth, his manhood and his age
I would set down; how walked he by that Path
Which leads to mastery o'er love and death
And how he bore aloft in dauntless hand
A banner which no man could overthrow
And which alone the gods could bring to dust.
Yet more than all I would record and tell
His sayings and the truths wherewith he strove
To save from heavenly wrath and vengeance dire
His people, blinded by prosperity
And lured to death by avarice and power.

NARRATIVE

'Twas in that wondrous age when in the halls
Of Leo all-supreme Apollo reigned ;
When equal were all men in wealth and place ;
When brotherhood and love and service given
By each to all and all to each made heaven
Of earth, nor need of miracles was there
To draw men's thought to noble truths and loves,
As in the centuries which later came.
Hoo-Ahm was born as men are ever born,
Nor greater god than every man then was
Was needed to conceive this matchless child.
'Tis said, however, ere his mother knew
That soon she must travail and bear her fruit
One day she was entranced. A Spirit came
And unto her proclaimed what was to be.
He bade her not to fear. The hour must come
For souls to make their choice and when all
things
Have been prepared for them to enter here ;
That when the hour had struck and when the
stars
Had reached their destined places in the sky
Forth from her womb would pass a wondrous
soul

Who would achieve great deeds and who would
live

A witness to the nation's day of death.

When Spring had come and o'er the land the joy
Of resurrected, outward-flowing life
Pervaded all the air; the days when flowers
And bees, when birds and beasts and men are
thrilled

With happiness and strength which from the
ground

In subtile perfume rises and bestows
The sense of power and plenty over all,
Hoo-Ahm appeared, not with th' accustomed
wail,

But with a gladsome laugh and winsome smile.
In all his childhood years he ne'er was known
To weep for things withheld: At night he gazed
In rapture on the stars, while in the day
He played as children play, but with the mien
Of one who looks behind and sees strange shapes
Arise on every hand. He listened, still,
When older ones would speak, and to them gave
True answers and solutions of their cares.
In short, a source of never-ending awe
Was to them all this promised, welcomed babe.

When more he grew in years, the tasks were set
By means of which are learned the ways of life.

In joyousness and with a sweet content
That won for him th' undying love of all
Hoo-Ahm played through his childish months
and years

Until the age of seven, when first there wakes
The sense of future cares, and when at first
External being's claim is pressed upon
The Inner Thought, when first the soul gives
way

To wish and will of personal desire.
Then parents wise will do as did Hoo-Ahm's:
Twice every year, when shines the golden Sun
Into the door of Aries' house, and when
Into the Scales of Libra firm he steps,
Throughout the land great festivals were held.
Then boys and girls were brought and placed in
charge

Of teachers wise and kind: Five happy years
They learned in numbers and the arts of men.
His seventh year, then, saw our hero come,
His parents bringing fruits and flowers fair,
Before the temple's altar, where the priest
Devoted him unto the nation's weal.

Upon the golden shrine the sacrifice
All fragrant lay; in spotless robe of white
The Child was clad; baptismal rites were said;
From out the choir o'erhead an organ pealed
While many voices joined in happy song:

"Dear One on High,
Our child we bring:
Lord of the Sky,
Great God and King,
A sacrifice
To Thee we make,
Nor grudge the price
That Thou wouldst take.

"Thou art the One
Who life doth give;
'Tis Thou alone
Who canst receive:
Thou art the Truth
And unto Thee
We pledge this youth
Eternally.

"His life is Thine,
Which Thou hast given:
While stars still shine
In dome of heaven
Save this our land
In love and peace,
And may it stand
To endlessness.

"To manhood may
He stalwart grow,

And day to day
Of Thee more know.
A pledge to Truth
And motherland,
We give this youth
Into Thy Hand."

Then on his brow the holy cross was signed
In waters blest that came afrom the fount
Whose sources no man knew, perhaps, save those
Most wise and mighty ones whose rule benign
Was over all the Race; that fountain pure
That from the central mount in four great
streams
Poured forth, and in the four directions flowed.
Then on his breast a second sign was made,
While chanted low the many-voiced choir:

"The sacrifice is made, Great One,
The consecration done —
Let waters wash away the sin
To which men's hearts are prone,
And may Thy Spirit enter in,
To reign there all alone."

As died away the last sweet note, a cup was
brought
All scrolled with mystic signs and wrought in
gold,
Filled to the brim with sparkling, purple wine:

"Drink thou this juice," the priest intoned,
"A symbol may it be;
The purple is the Spirit's Ray —
The wine of power to thee,
While golden is Pure Wisdom's Beam,
Whose light doth make men free.

"May the peace of Good invade all minds
And there remain enshrined;
May Love and Reason rule this land,
And over all mankind.

Amen."

Hoo-Ahm was led away, when he had bade
His parents kind farewell; his name was placed
Upon the rolls; he was assigned his class —
His couch whereon to rest; for him were books,
Papyrus, pens and all necessities
Provided in their proper order, when
All forms prescribed had been fulfilled, and then
He was advised to sleep and take long rest,
For on the morrow must his work begin.

There in the temple's outer court great schools
Were held, and multitudes of boys and girls
Joined in their games, or wielded brush and pen.
Poesy and sculpture, the mysteries
Of numbers and the crafts of hand engaged,
For five swift years, our Hoo-Ahm's active
thought,

Save on the holy seventh days, when he
Would join with older members of the schools
In worship in the auditorium
Where many thousands met to hear the songs
And hearken when one of the Eighty-four
Would discourse on the Grace of Higher Powers
Or tell the goodness of our Supreme Lord
And of the glories of our mighty land.
Sometimes, at eve, great dramas would be played
In that vast theater, and there the boy
Would be allowed to go, oftentimes in charge
Of one of the young men or women who
Instructed him, who for his quaint converse
And winsome ways gave to him boundless trust
And endless love.

When came the festivals
Of Fall and Spring Hoo-Ahm would gladly go
Upon the swift conveyances which crossed
The land, and spend a month with those
Who were his earthly kin, to whom he gave
A mem'ry ever kind, and loyal love.
Ne'er has been seen on earth since that fair time
A nation that its youth so carefully
Did supervise and thoughtfully prepare
For service which in later years was due.
One strong, united family were all
Those many million souls, together bound
By ties of common worship and of thought.
There e'en were well-remembered days, for him,

When Aarak, highest priest and wondrous saint
 Would place his hand upon the children's heads,
 To praise one for a painting well-conceived
 Or for a task of any kind well done.
 Perhaps the Lord of Power, the Emperor,
 Would come in simple garb and ask the youths
 Concerning history and those brave deeds
 The fame of which still lingers in the world.
 No means of right encouragement were spared
 To draw from every child his noblest thought
 And keep awake the soul that over-rules.—
 To swim and race, to leap and dance were
 taught,
 And lessons whereby Justice might be raised
 To lofty place within each growing mind.

At last proficiency it seemed enough
 Hoo-Ahm had gained, and now before him ope'd
 The college doors, through which his steps must
 wend.

Here he must learn the principles of war,
 The theory and practice of the law,
 The meanings and the courses of the stars,
 The arts of surgery and eloquence,
 And other branches of profoundest lore,
 Yet ere his name could be inscribed therein
 And ere the books of record opened up
 The proper rites and ceremonies must
 Be well observed. Initiations, now,

Must mark each step.

 Again before the shrine
The boy of twelve was brought. Around him
 stood

His parents proud and teachers who had led
Him thus far on his way.

 “Stand forth, Hoo-Ahm!

When thou were brought to us five years ago
Thy parents gave thee to thy country's weal.
Five times around their wheel the seasons
 coursed.

Thou hast become a youth whose inner will
Should know itself and choose its further walk.
If now thou wilt, thou canst devote thy life
To service of the Truth, to that Great Cause
Which doth include within its earthly scope
The whole of Humankind, and in the worlds
That all about us surge and sweep and in
Our Inner Consciousness proclaim Themselves,
The hosts of disembodied souls who strive
For Good. Thy mind may not in clearness
 grasp

All that I speak. Be't said in simple words,
Thou now canst dedicate thy life and all
To things sublime and reaching far beyond
The realms of sense, or thou canst choose instead
To walk the normal path that most men tread,
And which is true and good on its own plane.
The way of mind and soul is hard and long;

Incessant discipline thou there must face
And labors stern and arduous; thy play
And pleasure must give way to ceaseless toil,
While Duty shall become thy highest goal.
Thou knowest how thy father lives and how
The people spend their days in heedless joy:
All this thou must renounce: Think long and
deep:

This night thou hast to meditate upon
Thy future days and years and how thou wilt
Them spend: A place secluded and alone
Hath been prepared: At dawn arise and come
Unto the shrine: There thou wilt find two cups,
One made of graven gold and filled with wine
As sweet as fabled nectar of the gods,
The other leaden, holding water blest
By nought save consecration to the Truth:
To indicate thy final purpose thou
Shalt take and drink the cup which holds thy
choice."

Thus spake the priest who stood before the
throng.

Then to a quiet chamber set apart
The boy was led. In contemplation still
The afternoon and eve were worn away
Until, at last, his eyelids closed in sleep
Upon a vision of a leaden cup that seemed
To change to burning gold, all set with gems
And carved with wondrous symbols, in his hand.

At dawn he rose and donned his yellow robe,
Ablutions careful made, with shining eyes
And happy smile, yet deep beneath appeared
A seriousness and purpose far beyond
His tender years.

 No hesitation marked
His steps as quick he trod the temple's floor.
He kneeled a moment at the altar's rail,
Then reaching out his hand, he took the cup
Of lead, and slowly drank its crystal wealth.
The sound of music, slow and deep, at first
An echo, then increasing to a stream
Profound and strong, he heard, and bowed his
 head
In reverence before the sacred song
Whose words rang out from voices sweet and
 clear,
While 'round about from all the circling doors
The vested choir came:

“ The golden cup is full
 Of old and mellow wine;
All sparkling, sweet and cool
 Its bubbling contents shine:
Of all Earth's fruitage best,
 A symbol of her truth,
Yet when hath come the test
 It tempteth not this youth.
Look down, O King of Day,

14 **The Ancient of Atlantis**

And let thy strength'ning ray
Lend power and purpose on the upward way.

“ The leaden cup is drained
 Till empty now it stands,
Yet from its waters gained
 Is might of heart and hand,
The symbol of the Force
 Which floweth through the soul —
May Spirit guide his course
 To Life's sublimest goal.
Look down, O King of Day,
And may thy strength'ning ray
Add hope and courage on the upward way.”

Triumphant then the song:

“ Let his name be inscribed on Life's Own Book
 Who hath chosen the Higher Way,
And may Thine Eye o'er his pathway look,
 O Sign of Eternal Day! ”

“ A blessing, now, I place on thee, Hoo-Ahm,
Who thus so sweetly bows before thy Lord,”
The High-Priest of the Temple said, “ and all
That thou shalt do, in dearest love and truth,
Shall multiply a thousand-fold to thee.”

The book was brought, and on a page alone
The name “ Hoo-Ahm ” was written down in
 gold.

Five times the tide of seasons ebbed and flowed:
Games were replaced by military drill;
The gentle arts were set aside; instead,
The rules of commerce and the theory
Of trees and grains; the higher stellar lore
Which can predict the earthquake and the
 storm,
The rise and fall of nations and of kings;
The architects' and engineers' great arts;
The chemists' and the metallurgists' laws
Found each their needful order in the throng
Of studies that now occupied the hours.
'Twas not a question, then, of just how long
It took to learn, but full proficiency
Must students gain in all the varied lines
That round out and mature the earnest soul.
All were allowed full liberty to go
And come throughout the city's vast expanse
In those most brief hours when their tasks
 weigh not
Too heavily upon their eager minds.
'Twas at such times that Hoo-Ahm roamed
 alone
Among the wharves and searching questions put
To all those strange and uncouth beings who
The streams of commerce poured upon our
 shores:
Rare birds of paradise and paroquets;
Apes and their kind, and every species known

Of serpent, animal and bird were seen
And studied by whoe'er desired to learn,
Or could be purchased with our yellow coin.
A vague unrest would quiver through his
soul ; —

The call of Nature to the wild of seas
Unsailed and unknown mountains to be scaled
Seemed unto him to tell of future times
When Action's day must dawn within his life,
When he should know and conquer all the World.
Thus sped the hours: The months and years
escaped

With no regret to leave nor to provoke
An effort to restrain them as they flew.
The lad grew tall and strong; a dreamy light
Beamed from his eyes, and when the sunshine sat
Upon his ample brow, it wrought his waving
locks

To strands of burnished bronze and reddish gold.
The childish smile grew deeper, till it seemed
To disappear beneath a look of calm
And earnest meditation on the works
Of Nature and of Man. Sometimes the eyes
Would gaze in Space without a resting-place
And o'er the gentle features then would steal
A look intent as one who saw a veil
Withdrawn, whence portents rise and visions
come:

Yet in those years his lips disclosed no hint

Of what he saw beyond the walls of sense.
Thus he remained among his youthful friends
The cause of certain wonderment and awe,
Though never one could tell why thus he felt,
Yet none was there but loved him without stint
For that sweet understanding which to him
Seemed an inherent quality of self.
Obedience unquestioning and swift
He gave to those who in authority
O'er him were placed; in all these many months
His elders knew him as a quiet youth
Whose only purpose was — to learn and know.

Five times around the race-course of the skies
Apollo drove his chariot of fire
Until the Sign of Aries sate once more
As Ruler of the Resurrection Dawn.
Through all Atlantis festal songs rang out
And flowers and fruits of Spring-time decked
the shrines.

The tests of physical and mental worth
In their established order had been made.
Among those who were sent before the Twelve
One was the graceful form of him we sing;
The youngest of his class, but bodily the peer
Of any there, and mentally the mate
Of any mature man in all the land.
One at a time th' aspirants now were called
To that great chamber where the mighty Twelve

In all impressiveness their councils held.
When came his turn Hoo-Ahm, with steady step
And brow uncreased by any doubt or fear,
Before the dread conclave was ushered in —
For of these were the Ten whose rule controlled
The populous and rich expanse which formed
The basis of all Atlan-Isle's empire:
Two of the Twelve held in their hands the reins
Of power o'er the City of the Sun —
'Twas through these Twelve that every act of
State

Was brought about, in whom the people saw
Embodiment of Wisdom and of Force.
In those more ancient days, ere pride of wealth
And arrogance of supreme lordship had
Their talons fastened o'er our nation's heart
And as twin vampires drained its essences,
These Twelve were exemplars of right and truth.
The courts of equity, where every man
Could plead his cause and win his fullest rights;
The course of order and the stern restrain
Of those who might advantage take and means
Unfair in commerce or the strife of life,
All these were supervised and held in hand
By them, and twice each year, at festal time,
Their union formed the court of last appeal,
But subject to those Higher Three and One
Whose names were never spoken among men
Outside their sacred circle, and to whom

All reference was made in bated breath.
'Twas in the days before the salts had given
To men their secrets and by them been used
As agents of destruction stern and grim,—
Before the air was rent by cannon's roar
Or man-made earthquakes shook the frightened
ground;

Ere Man made metal wings and tore the winds
Pursuing demon-thoughts of horrid war.
'Twas in such times of harmony and love
Hoo-Ahm was sent for by the mighty Twelve:
They formed a circle 'round a table large
Of faces twelve; no one was placed above
The rest, nor in his hands was more of power.
Their robes were yellow, each the same as all;
Each wore a beard that grew down to his waist;
Each wore a cap, and only that disclosed
A variation in the wearers' place;
Twelve different shades they were; combined,
they formed
A zodiac of color, all complete.

He of the Yellow Miter rose:

 "Dear son,"
Spoke he, in deep, full tones, "thou hast
been called
Unto this solemn council of the Twelve:
Again thou standest as five years ago

20 **The Ancient of Atlantis**

Thou didst, where branch out dual, forward
roads

The one of which thou needs must choose and
take.

Thou canst not, if thou wouldst, turn backward
now:

The Force within thee urges on and thou
Canst but obey. These roads which stretch be-
fore,

Though varied in their trend, both lead to Good,
The one amid the valley's waving corn,
Along which men have buildèd happy homes,
By which flow waters clear and where the
springs

Of earthly love and family gush pure
And sweet and bid thee drink and linger near;
Where there is shade and rest for weary limbs;
Where honor and esteem of other men
Are fruit which thou needst only pluck to eat
Unto thy fill: The other path leads up
The dizzy mountain-heights, where dangers lurk;
The fangs of serpents and the teeth of wolves
May lie in wait for thee along that road;
There winter snows are deep, nor is there fire
To warm thy hands or love to heat thy soul;
Seas thou must cross and desert, burning wastes;
Thirst thou shalt know, and hunger, gaunt and
lean:

Yet by this latter route is duty sought:

It is the way of hard experience
Whereon are learned those lessons hard and long
By which the soul grows great and will grows
strong.

Five years ago thou drank'st the leaden cup;
For five years thou hast quaffed the light and
truth

That from the temple's fountain flowed to thee:
'Tis needful, now, that out into the world
Thou takest all the wealth of mind and heart
That thus thou hast acquired in our midst,
For though thou knewest not, we were around
And noted all thy movements and thy words:—
Well thou hast done! Our country's need is
great

For brains and bodies such as thine have proved,
While all the Race stretch out their hands to
thee

For help and knowledge thou alone canst give.
Where lead thy steps? The walk of peaceful
life,

Or that more stormy trail that winds along
The Peaks of Selfless Service to Mankind? ”

A silence filled the room: The very atmosphere
Seemed charged with heavy thought; a moment
more —

The young man raised his head: His eyes ere
now

22 **The Ancient of Atlantis**

Had been downcast, and immobile his face:
'Tis said by one who saw, a wondrous light
Seemed to pervade the whole of that great space
When in his sweet-toned voice Hoo-Ahm replied:

“Ten years ago my parents brought me here
And placed me in the charge of those who
 guide

With strong and loyal hands our country's fate.
They gave my life unto the cause of Truth
And Liberty beneath the reign of Love.

Five years ago I chose to drink the cup
Filled with the melted snow of mountain-heights
O'er which my Inspiration's eagle soared,
Sustained on pinions strong and tireless: —
Why should these lips seek now the wine which
 then

They were constrained to leave unspilled, un-
 touched?

Dear lords, let others tread the sheltered paths:
I should prefer the rocky roads, where winds
Of winter cool the heated brain and drive
From heart the fear, from mind the doubt and
 care

That ease and luxury but breed and tend.”

Approval silent, admiration mute
Appeared upon the features of the Twelve.
At last, he of the Ruby Crown arose:

“ Dear son, wise is thy choice:

Let aspiration high

Lead thee alway.

Thy country doth rejoice

In that sublime reply

Thou gavest this day.

“ Thou art now to command

A century of men,

To lead them out

To a far-distant land

Where thou shalt lift again

From minds who doubt

“ A load of pain and care:

They fear Atlantis’ truth:

A savage horde

Hath wrought much mischief there

And thou art sent, in sooth,

To keep our word.

“ We promised to protect

And save our country-men

At any cost

Who with the garlands decked

Of peace and trust a den

To beauty lost.

“ With these few men go now

And chasten those who strive

'Gainst higher laws.
 Make those proud slaves to bow
 To Him Who life doth give —
 Of All the Cause."

"Great lord, 'twould not be meet," rejoined
 Hoo-Ahm,
 "That I should question what thou dost command.

Compassion and regret o'er loss of life
 Methinks might add not to my feeble strength.
 All unaccustomed and most loath to pain
 And striving ever to give others joy
 So far I have my pleasant days employed.
 Where'er my country bids me I shall go,
 But fain would ask if ways of peace can not
 Those savages subdue, instead of war."

Displeasure clouded, then, the circles' brows,
 And spoke he who the deep-blue head-piece wore:
 "Unused are we to have our mandates made
 The subject of a question such as thine,
 But as thou askest it, we will disclose
 The reason why 'twas thee we chose to send
 Upon this mission, where thy hands must be
 All stained with blood, and where thy eyes must
 see
 Perhaps the deaths of some whom thou wouldst
 save.

Thy query speaks the heart of tender love,
While sympathy and pity look from out
Thy hazel orbs, so kind and full of thought.
Know, then, that sometimes must arise in life
Occasions when what seem thy noblest parts
Must be subdued and overcome, or else
The crafty enemy will come and find
Through avenues of trust and kindliness
An open road by means of which he can
Bring misery and suffering to all.
Therefore 'twere needful thou shouldst learn ere
 long
That single lives are nought when weighed
 against
The highest good of all, and he who doth
Against that weal in mad rebellion strive
But bringeth on himself his bitter fate.
With wisdom and with force of will must thou
Thy kindliness and helpfulness empower,
For they are no avail unless thou canst.
Say unto us again if thou wilt go
And in thyself subdue whatever thought
Would rise against thy higher will and law
And make thee weak where thou shouldst be
 most strong."

Hoo-Ahm then smiled again, his eye en-lit,
And answered he: "Dear lords, where'er thou
 wilt

I fain would go, perceiving that my youth
 Hath much to learn. Give to me thy commands
 And straight I will set out upon this quest."

So came it that Hoo-Ahm his farewells said
 Unto his parents and his many friends:
 Upon him in a shower the temple priests
 Their blessings poured. He then took ship one
 day
 And ere another week had disembarked
 Upon that further shore across the sea
 Where sinks the Sun beneath the western waves.
 Within the tropic jungle there he found
 His company of weather-beaten men —
 A band of seasoned warriors who for years
 Had braved the claws of forest denizens,
 The fevers of the swamps, the serpents' fangs
 And those yet wilder and more dangerous
 Foes of the nobler race, the savages
 Who lurked among the hills and places waste,—
 Who hated with a deadly hatred those
 Who were superior in powers of mind.—
 Didst ever mark the tendency of some
 To bitterly denounce all knowledge that
 To them hath not been given and how they will
 With foolish argument, perhaps with force,
 Assail those wider principles which minds
 Unopened and untrained can never grasp?

'Tis but the seepage from their savage lives,
That filters through and colors with its stain
The aura of the one who knows not self.
The hero of our tale, though hardened not
As were his troop to scenes of blood and war,
Had conned his lesson well, and knew 'twas fit
He should deserve respect and loving thought
From those o'er whom he had been placed, for
whom

He would be asked to render his account:
Therefore he called their champions at arms
To vie with him in sport of weapons' use,
With sword and spear, with arrow and the bow.
Such skill showed he that all his followers
Owned him a worthy chief, and when he told
Them strategies and wiles more deep and broad
Than any they had e'er conceived, with drills
And tactics used on greater fields of war,
Then they were certain they had gained a lord
Who merited esteem and fullest trust.
Though young in years, they found his wisdom
old
And thought profound, withal a sweetness
which
Their hearts engaged.

His countrymen who dwelt
Along that shore in scattered groups and
towns

Soon learned the force that dwelt in that young
brain,

While bitter was the price of life and peace
The mountain tribes now paid who had rebelled
Against our country's sway. Ere many
months,

By force when needful, or the arts of peace
Whene'er he could, Hoo-Ahm had brought
again

Peace to the land.

Oft he had heard, when out
Upon his swift forays and horse-back rides,
Of lands beyond the skies, where mountains
towered

So high that none could climb unto their peaks,
Which were encased in never-melting caps
Of ice and snow, and where another sea
Washed on the shore, but of which it was said
There was no further side. Of course, he knew
The roundness of our Globe and that 'twas but
The ignorance of those who spoke such words
That led them to believe such empty tales,
Yet as they said rich mines of yellow gold,
Of copper, silver, iron and of lead

Were in those hills, he now conceived the plan
To journey there and to return again
With full report and guarantee of fact.
Unto his troop he gave instructions full

And with five others whom he held in trust
He now set forth with compass and with sword
To find his way where ne'er before had been
The print of Atlantean foot, thus to enrich
Still more the stores of knowledge and of wealth
That to his honored country ever flowed.
Soon they emerged upon a river's bank
Which from the West poured down a mighty
stream.

They built a boat of bark and paddles strong:
Four times the moon had waxed and four times
waned,

Yet journeyed on the six up that great flood,
Which ever grew more swift; on either hand
The banks approached and higher reared their
heads.

At last they reached a giant waterfall:
Abandoning their craft, they now on foot,
Each bearing even part of food and cloth,
Pursued a steady course. The forests fled
As upward ever trod their patient steps,
Until before their eyes a wide expanse
Of open plain unrolled, beyond which rose
The tall Andean summits of their quest.
With hearts attuned to joy of conquest now
Persistent in advance the little band
Trudged on; on over mountain passes high
Until they saw the shoreless sea stretch out

A welcome sight, before their searching gaze.
Here peoples, too, they found, who wrought in
ores

And dwelt in huts of clay ; a peaceful race
Who little knew of how to till the soil
Or raise the crops of wheat and maize for which
The soil was well-adapted and the clime.
Their bags of corn the trav'lers now bestowed
Upon these needy children of the wood,
And to them taught the arts of husbandry,
How to prepare the ground and plant the seed,
To harvest and to grind and cook the flour.
They taught the art of writing and the use
Of builders' plans and tools.

Two years were spent
In showing to the tribes the ways of life
And happiness, of healing and of good
That made our land so powerful and great.
Meanwhile Hoo-Ahm had sent a messenger,
Accompanied by a party of the friends
Whom he had newly made, with long reports
Unto his Government, disclosing all
That he had seen and learned, with maps and
plans

Of lands and rivers, mountain chains and plains,
Of mines and towns and metal-bearing veins ;
With samples of the ores and heavy woods.
The answer finally was borne to him
By a party sent direct from Neptune's Mount:

“ Dear Son :

“ Well hast thou wrought. Thy Motherland
Is doubly proud of thee. Not only hast
Thou mad rebellion curbed, and left thy name
To hold the wayward tribes true to our cause,
But westward thou hast borne our holy flag :
Thy new-found realm seems rich in ores and
woods

To ornament our palaces and shrines.
Thy people shall be well-repaid for them,
And more. Ten thousand stalwart men we send.
There thou shalt have command, and thus we
make

Thee tributary king o’er all the West,
To have and hold in Atlan’s name the soil
Thou hast by strength and wisdom thus sub-
dued.

More men and arms await thy word of need.
We think that thou canst weld with tools thou
hast

A wondrous empire in the golden West.
Our ships shall touch thy eastern shores and
bring

The cargoes thou shalt glean, and bear to thee
Our tools and implements, our cloths and books,
Till both our lands shall stagger ’neath the
wealth

Upon their shoulders piled. New vessels thou
Shalt build, which on the vaster western sea

Shall voyage out, until by Asian shores
 They shall be stopped. Thus will our empire
 reach

Around the world and olden prophecy
 Fulfilled, the apex of our destiny
 Be happily attained. Build thou great roads
 And temples there, and consecrate them all
 To wider human brotherhood and love.
 Keep us, we charge, advised in everything;
 Command our aid in need and be thou blest
 In all thy undertakings in our name.
 Farewell to thee. May sunlight of our praise
 Ne'er set upon our pride in thy fair deeds."

Not only was this signed by all the Twelve,
 But further there was graven on the scroll
 A Three in One that spoke still higher powers.

For seven years Hoo-Ahm his service gave
 To great affairs of state, and order wrought
 Through all his broad domains; he soon built
 ships

Upon the Shoreless Sea, which brought to him
 The wealth of Indus and the farther isles.
 Great engineering feats; long aqueducts
 He planned and causeways wide and strong he
 laid

Along the mountain sides and o'er their heights.
 He raised huge pyramids and on their tops

Erected mighty temples to that One
To Whom our Sun and stars are but the dust
The march of Time disturbs along his path.
Schools of the arts and crafts and colleges
To higher knowledge given he organized,
While all the people strove to do his will
As heathens still obey their supreme god.
The eastern ocean teemed with fleets of ships
That bore between the lands the interchange
Of swift-increasing wealth and growing trade.

Hoo-Ahm, in all these crowded years, could find
No time for those more gentle thoughts and
things

For which the average of men strive and seek.
At last, however, came a period
When all his labors had progressed so far
That he could briefly rest and gratify
A wish to see again the hills and streams
Of motherland; to speak again to parents
And all the friends of boyhood's happy years.

In honor of his coming all the streets
In flowers and in bunting were arrayed:
A massive arch of marble had been raised
Above the avenue which westward led:
The capital was thrilled with pride and love
By all the glory of her noblest son.

Great kings and chieftains from the East and
North;

The bards of Ione came; the erst-while wild
And savage cannibals whom he had won
By strength of arm and tenderness of heart;
A mighty concourse gathered to partake
Of feasts unto his spread; to join the march
Of triumph that for him had been prepared.
Great was Hoo-Ahm and gratified his pride,
Yet when he stood beneath the arch that day
A cloud of sadness passed across his brow
And fain he would have dashed his victor's
wreath

Unto the ground had he not felt the hurt
Such action would inflict upon the loving souls
Who on him gazed.

About him stood the Twelve;
Behind him stood three veiled and mystic forms
Who could behold what passed yet no man see
Their faces or their figures, for 'twas said
Not for unnumbered years had eyes of men
Perceived the features, knowingly, of those
Who o'er the land thus wielded supreme sway.
Before this group, upon the ground, a space
Was cleared and kept by soldiers' swords and
spears

Where hundreds of the children came and went
In drills and dances, intricate and gay.
Beyond them, o'er their heads, the multitudes

Were gathered on the upward-rising tiers
Of countless seats for this occasion built.

The little ones had done their simple parts:
Then followed youths and maidens unarrayed
Performing feats of strength and nimbleness,
And those who sang and danced for wreath and
prize.

Whoever won a trial, or highly pleased
Hoo-Ahm, he gently praised, or crowned with
wreath

Or gave a cup of gold or costly prize.
Thus swiftly sped the glorious hours until
The Summer Sun approached the western hills.
The happy day was o'er, and when upon
The outer rim of Earth a moment paused
And rested ere he sank, the Golden Orb,
Out moved a graceful form, a lovely maid
Arrayed in flowing robes of creamy silk.
Ascending to the platform raised above
The throng, who now drew near, she faced the
Sun,

Whose lingering rays a moment touched her
brow

And kissed, with heavenly love, her tresses brown.
A ruddy aura seemed, just then, to glow
About the perfect face and rounded form:
An orchestra of harps and viols poured out
A swelling burst of symphony that seemed

The censer stream of incense-breathing sound
 To charm the list'ning soul: A pure, sweet voice
 Rang forth, the atmosphere seemed quiv'ring
 with
 The holy passion of the evening hymn:

“ Far out in the West, 'neath the Summer Sea,
 Is the Isle of the Ever-Blest:
 The King of Day knows that there may he
 From his heavenly labors rest.
 The Sun-set promiseth the dawn
 That shall on the morrow shine:
 Farewell, kind giver of the light,
 While passes now another night,
 May deepest sleep be thine.

“ From out of the West hath our hero come,
 With the glory of victory:
 May he never forget his welcome home
 In this land of the true and free:
 His country thanks him for the pains
 He hath suffered in her name:
 Dear Lord, Strong Master of the Right,
 Till comes, at last, the Endless Night,
 Preserve from harm and shame.

“ From out of the East and the North come forth
 The armies of gloom and night
 To scatter the shadows o'er the Earth,

And over the heavens bright
The countless hosts of stars appear,
While sweetly the silver Moon
Keeps guard o'er her helpless children here,
Driving away the doubts and fear
That cometh to them too soon.

“The sunset promiseth the dawn
That shall on the morrow shine.
Farewell, kind giver of the light —
As passes now another night
May deepest sleep be thine.”

The singer paused a moment ere she sang
The first note of that echoing refrain.
In graceful gesture lifted she her hand
And silently invited all to join.
As one the multitude arose and sang,
Nor on the Earth hath since that day been heard
Such mighty storm of undulating sound
As to the dome of heaven pealed and rolled.
E'en in the Choir Celestial it is said
That chorus great was heard and to this day
Its mem'ry lingers in the angel minds.
The final note died on the sunset breeze:
Then tumult filled the space and cries that grew
Each instant louder rose, while surged the mass
Down on the singer's stand; the name “Irene,
Irania,” burst from every throat!

What did Hoo-Ahm? When first the girl appeared

He sat erect, and of an Elder asked:

“ Who is that maid? ”

“ She hither, years ago,

When but a red-haired child, was brought by one
Who claimed to be her brother and declared
That both their parents had been slain in war
Against Atlantis’ rule, that o’er the Isle of Bell
So hotly raged, about that time, my lord,
When thou wert westward sent. A simple child
Was she, come of that ancient stock who know
No prinedoms or the noble law of caste.
Straight she was placed within the temple schools
And in the years hath grown to sing as one
The like of whom the history
Of all the Race hath never yet produced.
Hark to her song! ”

Then as the wondrous voice

In perfect cadence rose and fell and swayed,
Hoo-Ahm went pale, but soon his sun-browned
face

Turned red and fiery. Beneath his breath,
’Tis said, a prayer he uttered, or a curse,
No man knew which. When swelled the chorus
mad

He sprang unto his feet and slowly moved
Up to the front of that extensive stage
Where sat the dignitaries and the group

Of noble rank.

Now, as the frenzied throng
Rushed to'rds the frightened girl, to bear her
high

Above their heads, their queen and prize of love,
His voice, in stern command, as one unused
To be compelled to beg or plead, rang out:
"Back to your places, all! What honor thou
Wouldst give, I will bestow, myself, upon
This one who so hath thrilled our very souls.
The beauty of her face and matchless form
And over all, her wondrous singing, have
My heart and love engaged. Irania, come,
And give to me thy hand."

An instant paused
The lovely maid and bright her damask cheeks
Bloomed with the rosy glow that o'er them
spread.

His eyes aflame with passion's fire, Hoo-Ahm
Leaped to the ground and swiftly crossed the
space
To where Irania stood, all trembling and dis-
mayed.

"Fear not, sweet one," he cried, "like hurricane
That sweeps the islands of the western seas
Hath storm of passion hitherto unknown
To him who speaks, torn from its moorings safe
His craft of reason, bearing far adrift

All prudence, carefulness and pride of caste.
Forget, I pray thee, but an instant's space
The crowds who gaze, and let thy heart reply.
Canst give me love for love, and join thy hands
With mine, to be my joy and pride while love
Shall last? "

Her deep-blue eyes, all filled with tears
Of gladness and surprise, looked into his
An instant; then her body swayed, and fell
Into his arms. A mad embrace, a kiss:
Now hand in hand they faced the Elders' stage
And to it slowly walked, the while the mass
With deafening applause made all the city ring.
"Hoo-Ahm hath wed Irania fair. Long life
To both!"

The orchestra began to play,
As in a single voice the people sang:

"Fair is the wedding-day;
Join hearts and hands:
No one shall disobey
When Love commands.
May happiness and faith
Make two a perfect one
And may Eternal Truth
Complete what's now begun.

"The Holy One of Life
To twain gave birth,

So Adam and his wife
Peopled this Earth.
May blessings on them rain,
The newly-wedded pair,
And may they ever gain
In peace and plenty rare.

“ Good is the wedding-day :
Join hearts and hands :
No one can disobey
When Love commands.”

Out from amid the Twelve then stepped the one
Who wore the purple crown. The couple stood
While he pronounced a blessing on their hands.
Applause, again, the buildings shook ; the throng
Dispersed, and to his father's home Hoo-Ahm
Conveyed his bride.

’Twas but a day or two
Till to a country-place, prepared for them,
They journeyed, there abiding for a space.

They were a happy pair. The perfect days
Flew by with ne’er a cloud to mar their sky
Until there came a letter strangely signed
With marks that none could read except Hoo-
Ahm.

His face went white and o’er his eyes Hoo-Ahm
An instant placed his hand, that his dear love

Might not behold his fear. He opened, then,
The missive and his dread gave place to firm
And quiet will.

“Irania, dearest girl,” he said,
“Our country doth command me to go hence
Unto the distant East, there to convey
The mandate of our Highest Lords to those
Who hesitate in yielding to our state.
Six months may pass before I can return.
A farewell kiss, dear heart, I therefore ask,
For I may not refuse this charge. Good-by,
Good-by, Sun of my days, Moon of my nights!”

Irania questioned not ere Hoo-Ahm sailed
Upon his mission, whence she knew perhaps,
Perhaps he'd ne'er return. 'Tis said, sometimes
She wept for sorrow at his loss, and not
Until he came again did single note
Of song or laughter issue from her throat.
Great was their love, indeed, and when, at last,
Hoo-Ahm came home successful from his quest
Their gladness was a wonder to behold.
Soon he was called again, this time unto
The capital. There he was ushered in
To that impressive chamber where the Twelve
Their private councils held, and where nine years
Before he had been charged with his first task.
Now in their midst appeared a vacant chair
Whereon a golden cloth was draped. Within

The circle's center, on a pedestal,
The yellow miter rested, wreathed in flowers
To symbolize the country's love and grief.
Unto the pedestal Hoo-Ahm was led.
On it he saw a scroll on which his name
Was marked.

“Take thou, and read,” a voice enjoined.
The papyrus, eleven times inscribed
With names he knew were those of men who held
Atlantis' destinies in hand, advised
The passing heavenward of him whose place
Was empty now. It charged Hoo-Ahm that he
Must take upon himself those powers which
There now was none to wield; that now he must
Perform a vow of higher service still,
Before he entered on his further toil.
Until he finished reading silence reigned.
He then arose who wore the violet crown:
“Hoo-Ahm, our friend,” he said, “in all our
land

We know no one so well as thee prepared
To wield responsibility so vast
As this. Unanimously we have cast
Our ballots calling thee unto this chair.
Art thou still firm in thy resolve to serve,
O'er all things else, thy fellow-men, as that
Great Three who over all the Twelve are set
Shall bid? ”

“I am.”

“ And wilt thou leave thy home
And wife and take up thy abode within
The temple walls, thus to renounce all ties
Save duty to thy country and thy Race? ”

An ashy whiteness spread o'er Hoo-Ahm's face:

“ Dear lords, must this be done, indeed, and may
No other course be possible to take? ”

“ No other path is open unto thee.

'Tis so the law commands. If thou wouldst
serve

In all thou must obey the Higher Voice
And put aside all earthly joy and cheer.
Thy wife shall be protected and preserved.
We know there soon must come to thee a child
And realize how much thou shalt renounce,
Yet Merop needs not weaklings to command
Her world-surrounding empire and the weal
Of countless human souls. To bear the brunt
Of all the heavier blows; to shield the world
From all the ill designs of fallen gods
And overcome the influence of stars
Which from their rightful courses stray, to
work

Disaster and dismay upon our earth,
Such are the cares of him who would unite
Unto the Lofty Orders who have given
The knowledge of the arts and sciences

And who would save and keep our Race from
harm.

This is the road along the mountain-heights
Which years ago thou promised to take.
Wilt thou now shirk thy duty, as thou canst,
Or wilt thou keep thy former vows and now
Uplift thy hand, and take the oath as given? ”
Hoo-Ahm a moment stood in earnest thought:
A struggle fierce was raging in his breast:
No sound was heard until he raised his hand
And said:

“ Through life, through death, to that Great
Power

Who hath our breath bestowed and Who the Sun
And all the countless stars but symbolize;
To Om, the One, the Holy First and Last,
The Incorruptible and Purest Truth,
Embodied in the forms and minds of men,
I hereby in these words and in this act
Of lifting to’rds His prototype my hand
Do consecrate my life and deeds, my mind
And all its teeming thought: Whate’er would
tend

To lessen in its power the force of will
To this one end devote, be’t wife or child,
Be’t family, home or lands or earthly wealth,
I now fore’er renounce and put away.
In spirit, only, free, in all else bound,
I place upon myself and rivet fast

The chains of service absolute and true,
Unquestioning, with reservations none,
Without interpretation of my own
And with no limitations as to time,
Or even space, unto that Higher Rank
Of Masters who on Earth in their own kind
Have vested power. Upon my life I swear;
Upon my soul I place the charge of Truth.
May darkness seize the spirit and destroy
If from this pledge I swerve in aught or all."

A murmur low of approbation rose.
Behind, a portion of the wall rolled back:
Upon a dais there three figures sat:
In unison their voices now intoned:
"Great is the soul to whom the trial comes
And greater still is he who fails it not.
Initiate and lord of earth we greet
Hoo-Ahm, and thus confirm him in the place
The Higher Lords, and we, their three Adepts,
Have found him fit to fill. Strong is thy vow,
Hoo-Ahm. We charge thee never to forget
A word it doth contain; it is inscribed
Upon our minds and souls and in the Book
By those Great Ones compiled."

Ere closed again
The wall, Hoo-Ahm had seen that one of them
Was robed in scarlet; one in yellow dressed,
While one was in a robe of blue en-wrapped,

And each one wore a crown of precious gems
That radiated hues to match his dress.
All this, for many days, he pondered deep,
Whene'er the cares of business and the state
Would yield him time.

Thenceforth he knew no hour
By day or night that he could call his own.
The vast affairs of commerce and the mints
Were in his hands: Ten of the Twelve were
charged

To keep the peace and hold the higher courts
In each of those domains that stretched afrom
The capital on every hand until
The land was swallowed by th' encroaching sea.
The other of the eleven was given power
And government in all the vast concerns
Within the city's walls, and with Hoo-Ahm
O'er-ruled the temple and the many priests,
Had supervision of the schools and saw
That all the institutions of the state
Were well-conducted to the last detail.
At first Hoo-Ahm found time when he could
spend

An hour now and then, or e'en a day
With fair Irania and the sturdy boy
Who since had come, but as the years elapsed
The volume of his labors grew apace.
Wide fields of trade were opened up and
stretched

Across the western seas ; e'en from the East
An ever-swelling stream of commerce poured :
All this must be directed to its end.
Increasing rivers of the metals flowed
Into the mints and there were turned to coin
Or molded into statues for the shrines.
The country grew apace in wealth and power
And by this growth was thrust upon Hoo-Ahm
Still more laborious toil and prisoning care.
In silence mourned the wife, left destitute
Of love and that companionship alone
Her pure heart craved. Four times the Sun
went 'round
Through all his twelve domains. Then on a day
When Hoo-Ahm came, he found his child in
tears,
While in the house the servants wept and prayed.
Iranian's soul had passed away from Earth
The night before, the while she knelt and prayed
Before the shrine within the court and begged
Her only God of Love that He might spare
Her husband and her child.

The sudden blow
Had fallen swift and sure. For many months
Hoo-Ahm sat in a trance-like state and but
His arduous tasks and all the love that now
He gave unto her child saved him the death
His dearest love had died. Yea, fain would he
Have quit his mortal life, had not his vow

Conferred on him the strength to win the fight.
Yet when he but had grown resigned, at last,
Two messengers in breathless haste appeared:
“Thy son,” they cried, “thy son, great lord, is
gone!”

In answer to his anxious queries they
Disclosed how in the morn the child at play
Without the house, alone and seeming safe,
Had by a huge and unknown bird of prey
Been carried off. Until his scream was heard
No thought had come of danger to the boy.
The frightened servants rushed to his defense
But were not quick enough: High in the air
They saw him borne away, held in the claws
That carried him up to’rds the mountain crags
That towered o’er the fields so many miles away.
Swift were the searchers sent throughout the
land

But many days went by before were brought
The remnants of his dress, found in the nest
Of a gigantic eagle and her brood.
Meanwhile Hoo-Ahm had spoken not a word;
In silence had performed his duties hard;
His hair of ruddy brown showed streaks of gray
And when they brought the shreds of dress,
wrapped ’round

A mumbled bone, he passed across his brow
A shaking hand, yet not a sound was heard
To issue from his lips. No moan nor cry,

No tear nor wail of grief escaped from him :
A staring look, fixed heavenward, was all :
Then o'er his face a deathly pallor spread ;
He reeled and fell headlong in heavy swoon.
For sev'ral hours the doctors labored hard
To bring back to the stricken form the sense
Of present life. Success was theirs at last.
'Twas days before Hoo-Ahm could rise and walk,
And when his shattered faculties returned
His fellow-elders gathered 'round his chair
And prayed him for a space to seek repose
Wherein his harried mind might reassert
Its prostrate power and bring him back again
With greater strength of body to resume
His wonted tasks. So brought they to him
those
Whom he could trust, to whom he now trans-
ferred,
Until he should return, his load of care.
A vehicle unto him was assigned
And horses swift and powerful to take
Him to whatever spot his fancy chose.
Supplied with needful clothing and with food,
For seven days he drove towards the hills,
Ascending slowly to the utmost heights
Of those great mountains which along the coast
O'erlooked the ocean-waves for many leagues.
Upon the summit tents were pitched at night

And preparations made for lasting stay.
Revived, apparently, by mountain air
And change of scene, next morning Hoo-Ahm
went

Alone, maintaining still the silence which
He had not broken since the fatal news
Had struck him down, along a mountain path
That led he knew not where.

Ere long he came
Unto a clearing where a rude log hut,
Roofed o'er with leaves and twigs, his progress
stopt.

He started to retrace his way, but ere
Ten steps, he met there face to face a strange
And uncouth figure, slightly clad in old
And tattered rags, whose uncombed beard of
white

And long and snowy hair proclaimed his years
As reaching numbers which Hoo-Ahm guessed
not,
Though when he spoke the voice was firm and
deep:

“Hoo-Ahm, great lord and prince, thou knowest
not
On whom thou gazest now, yet thou art known.
When thou wert but a child I knew thy face,
And when thy hand reached out to take the cup

Of lead, so near to thee was I I might
 Have touched thy arm. 'Twas over twenty
 years

Ago that thou didst set thy youthful feet
 Upon the road that hither thou hast trod.
 'Twas over twenty years ago that I
 Was Chief Astrologer o'er all this land.
 Three hundred years before that time I took
 The oath of office binding me to serve
 In that high place until I knew a fit
 Successor to my duties had been found.
 When to the temple thou were brought by those
 Who made thy earthly place, the stars revealed
 The coming to my house of one who must
 Take on himself the karma of our Race
 And speak those holy truths which e'en the waves
 Of oceans surging o'er his mortal frame
 Can not erase. Thy horoscope was cast
 And there I read, by methods which alone
 I knew, thy whole life's trend, and e'en to-day
 I looked for thee to come, just as thou hast.
 Here thou shalt stay with me for three whole
 years

And learn how to prolong thy earthly span,
 E'en as have I, who for five hundred years
 Have dwelt upon this globe. Then thou shalt
 go,

In answer to their call, to hold again
 A still more influential place among

Thy fellow-men. In time thou shalt be named
The Ancient of the World, for only thou
Shalt hold the key to health and length of years
Which I shall give, as well as other powers
That meanwhile upon thee shall be bestowed.
More thou shalt learn, as days and weeks pass
by.

To-morrow come again alone, to undergo
Initiatory rites that will induct
Thee to those Sacred Ranks in Purple Robed.
Speak thou not now, and utter not a word
Until by me thou hast been introduced
Into those Spheres whereof thy dreams have told
But which thou never hast on Earth beheld.
Farewell to-day, and gain what will thou canst
For that great test thou shalt to-morrow try.”
Low bowed the aged, yet upright form, until
Hoo-Ahm had passed from sight.

Next day, when Dawn
Was kindling all the eastern sky with fire
Of violet and rose, Hoo-Ahm went out
And met, as he was charged, the ancient sage
Who yester morn had asked him to appear.

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ANCIENT

Great was the day, Hoo-Ahm, when thou wert
born.
For that event the Order of the Lords

Who wear the Snow-white Robe had long prepared.

'Tis not disclosed below the Higher Three
 That in the Realms of Greater Mastery
 All souls are grouped in Ranks and Planes
 To which must correspond the forms and shades
 They always don and wear. This thou art told,
 For thou hast been prepared by arduous toil
 And suffering which hath thy body racked
 And taught thy lower mind to know how weak
 Its strongest strivings are — thy passions shown
 How transient are the joys of form and sense.
 Last night, again, thy own nativity
 I saw within my soul. Backward I traced
 Thy Spirit's course, as from the Planes Supreme
 Of Clear White Light down to our World it
 winged.

Those spheres of sound and color lower down
 Thou cleft with speed more swift than passioned
 thought

Until with thee I stood within a bound
 Where all was Perfect Light: Thy name was
 called:

Thy Spirit stood before my Inner Eye:
 A Voice was manifest Which said to thee:
 "Thou hast been called from Formless Bliss to
 Form

To make thy choice. Long thou hast dwelt
 within

The Jasper Walls of Perfect Joy and reaped
The harvest there of those great deeds of Earth
Which hitherto thou hast performed so well.
Affairs of vast import are being born
Within the womb of Time. The Hierarchy
Of Angels needs a stalwart human soul
Who freely will forsake its high estate
To take upon itself a form of flesh
And who will bear across a dreary void
Of many thousand years a load of Truth
Which shall enrich and bless in after times
And lift on high unnumbered souls who now
Are wandering in the dark; not only once,
But many times, he must endure the pangs
Of carnate life; must downward pass until
Upon the very lowest arc of life he has
Laid hold and made it know the power of Love.
Wilt thou essay this labor hard and long
Or wilt thou choose to rest and take thy ease
Another hundred million solar years? "

"Oh, Lord and King of All," was thy reply,
"Long I have known Thy Peace, yet now the
thought

Of sep'rate form awakes, and Love's desire.
The Spirit thirsteth for its Bride, and now
I pray that Thou wilt send me out on quest
Of varied lives and endless tasks and deeds.
Whatever burden Thou wilt give I choose,

Content to know that in Thy Self as now
I ever shall remain, and Heaven will then,
As now, dwell in Thy Soul, with which Thy All
Is One."

 The vision passed and I awoke
But know thee now in still another light.
Ancient of Days, beginning, neither end,
Hast thou, and thee I greet for what thou art.
Thy name I speak, Hoo-Ahm, unto the Winds,
That they may bear it 'round the world of men:
I speak it to the Light, Hoo-Ahm, that it
May pulse it out across the Void until
The residents of yonder glowing Sun
Shall hear it and become aware of thee:
I speak it to the passing Night, Hoo-Ahm,
Man-god, god-man, that all the stars may hear
And shine their knowledge down. Brave soul
 who chose

The labor of the gods, and not their rest,
I hereby o'er thy shoulders cast the robe
Whose purple radiance doth give to thee
The Mastery of Earth. Thou now canst call
Unto thy aid at need the Mighty Ranks
On Spirit Planes who are at one with thee.
I charge thee not to secrecy, nor vow
Of silence may exact, for thou dost now
Reign over all thy faculties and thou
Shalt say as much as thou wilt say, nor more.

Ню-Анм

I know, my lord, that thou hast spoken truth.
The soul bears witness in itself to all
These strange events thou hast described to me.
Wise must he be, indeed, who thus can read
The soul's most sacred thought, and tell to me
What no man knows.

If truly thou art wise

And if within my being hides such force,
Pray tell me *why* so many needless pangs
Upon me ride and bear me to a death
In life, than death itself more terrible?
Why must my duty to the Race of Man
Afrom me tear those human lives most dear
And cast me drifting rudderless 'mid storms
Of dreadful agony and speechless grief?
Why must the journey thus be made so hard
And why should Om, Who is the All, destroy
The soul so consecrated to His toil?

ANCIENT

Dear son, be seated while I strive to read
The riddle thou hast read,— Stern was thy loss
And violent the blows upon thee laid,
Yet hadst thou not been chastened thou couldst
not
Receive the truths thou hast been told to-day.
Couldst thou grasp all the meaning of the words

Thou utter'dst ere thou camest down to Earth
 Thou wouldst, thyself, behold how good shall
 come

From all thy suffering and pain and grief.
 When grows the will so strong, the mind so
 sure

As thine had grown, then doth the Spirit rise
 And sovereignty assert o'er all its parts.
 For that great work which to thy hand is given
 A body trained and hard, a will of steel
 And intellect as keen as edge of sword
 Must be made thine; yet each of these three
 parts

Is prone to seek command and overwhelm
 The Inner Self. Then must It rise in might
 And reaffirm Its majesty and law.

Thy Inner Self and Om are ever one.
 What Om destroys Om shall replace in time;
 What Om and Thy Own Soul of Souls decree
 Must come to pass. Think on these things, my
 lord,

And come to me again, with me discourse
 Of those wide realms which reach beyond our ken
 Yet which we fain would grasp in part, in part
 At least, whereof the contemplation brings
 Peace to the heart and rest to troubled mind.

Thus daily they conversed and Hoo-Ahm thus
 Grew reconciled and peaceful in his soul.

Then broad and profound studies were pursued,
And learned as Hoo-Ahm was in all the books
There opened up before his mental gaze
Infinities, eternities sublime
And limitless. Philosophies and thoughts
Cosmic, universal in their scope
Found entrance to his mind; in after years
Produced a fruitage marvelous, whereat
The nations gazed in wonderment and awe.
To him were told in language of the stars
(Wherein he grew proficient and well-read),
The destinies of nations and their kings: —
He found himself involved in one event
That caused him grief immense and endless
pain —

A sudden cataclysm which must come
And bury great Atlantis 'neath a flood.
“Nay, but,” quoth he, “four centuries must
pass

Before this sad disaster shall befall.
Long ere that day my soul shall 'scape this clay
And fly to seek my Iren and her boy
In those Blest Realms beyond the evening Sun.”
Then did the Seer bid him stay his thought
And told him o'er of all Atlantis he
Must be the last. Then on him was conferred
A greater power still, that would bestow
On him unmeasured length of years of life.
Responsibility like this Hoo-Ahm

Would fain evade, but on a day there came
Before his eyes and filling all the room
At least a hundred forms, with long white beards
And robes of glowing purple, all ablaze
With what seemed shining, iridescent gems.
“ Arise, Hoo-Ahm,” their leader said to him,
“ And hear what thine own Order would require
Of thee, our brother and our son in Truth.
Of thy own will, thou hast become endowed
With membership among that Order which
Thee doth surround. Great truths, far-reach-
ing thoughts
Are given to our custody, and thou,
Our youngest brother in the world of men,
Wast born to plant their seeds within men’s
souls.
Upon this culminating wave of Life.
Which now is pulsing ’round and through the
Globe,
A host of human souls is being swept
Upon Reincarnation’s Path
Who have fulfilled the cycles lower down
And reached the place in Evolution’s Chain
Where they are worthy of the forms of men.
These thou art sent to teach; the germs of Truth
To sow which shall mature to harvest fair
When many thousand years have passed, and
when

These souls shall reach the highest planes of
thought

They can develop on this planet's face.

If thou wouldst shun this task, thou mayest so,

For it is only at the Will's command

That those belonging to this Order act.

To be seems harder than to cease to be —

If thou couldst die, which thou canst never do.

Already thou hast learned to cling no more

To life in form, to fear no threat'ning death:

Learn still a greater lesson than is that:

To give consent to life in mortal shape

So thou canst bring to bearing in thy soul

The harvest of the Lords of Purest Truth.

Wilt thou take on thyself this sternest task

And not compel the Forces higher still

To build another body for the work

To which they destined thee, and which They will

- Shall be performed, regardless of the cost?"

The while he spoke, Hoo-Ahm moved not, nor
changed

The fixed expression of his face and eyes.

A silence deep and long ensued, nor stirred

A figure in the room. Then o'er his brow

There spread a rosy tinge, and all about

Him glowed a violet light that seemed to fill

Surrounding space with waves of warmth and
love.

Then Hoo-Ahm slowly kneeled before the one
Who had upon him laid the charge, and said:
" I will."

 " Then thou art blest, Hoo-Ahm, nor loss
Shalt thou in truth sustain. To lofty spheres
Thou shalt project thy consciousness and there
Shalt hold converse and see those dearest souls
Whom thou hast lost. Thou hast determined
well

And we shall stand forever by thy side
To aid thee and protect thee in our cause.
Farewell, and grieve no more. Thou shalt re-
turn

Unto the city soon, to undertake
Those labors which thy hands will find to do.
Fear not, nor hesitate to take and use
Whatever means thou findest in thy way
To speak the thoughts that shall possess thy
mind,
Sent to thee by those Friends who love thee well.
Farewell."

 Then disappeared from outward sight
The mystic throng.

 The Seer came and found Hoo-Ahm
Prostrate upon the floor, sunk in a sleep
Profound and deep.

 From Atlan City soon
The word arrived that of the Upper Three

One had been called, and that Hoo-Ahm was
named
To fill his place.

Along the Path of Mind
He had progressed and by the Way of Will
Until he had attained the highest state
Within himself, excepting one, the soul
Of Man can reach, and to him must appear
In outward things, the counterpart of what
He had perceived within. He who alone
Within the temple's topmost tower dwelt
And there presided o'er the destinies
Of all the world, had sent the messenger
Who brought this word, and Hoo-Ahm went at
once

To take upon himself the care, the toil
And heavy offices the Supreme Priest
Of all the land was asked to exercise.
Devotion to the welfare of the souls
Of all of men, was now to be his end,—
To heal, by balm of love and pulse of thought,
The bodies and the minds of those who strayed
Beyond the walks of rectitude and peace
And so brought pain and sorrow to themselves;
To see that all were duly fed and housed
And wanted not; the sacred rites to say
O'er those who passed, assisted in these works
By all the thousand priests and countless clerks

Who labored 'neath the mandates of the Twelve,
Who looked unto the Three (of whom Hoo-Ahm
Was numbered one) for guidance and for aid.
An hundred years or more this wondrous man
Trode straight ahead upon his single road
Nor turned to right or left his steady gaze;
With Inner Eye ere fixed upon those thoughts
That penetrate the mind from realms above
He dwelt and worked behind the temple's walls:
What word he sent abroad was through the
priests

And by the Twelve whom all the people knew
As those who ruled the world. Oft in his soul
He would traverse the lands and stretching seas
And in his astral form convey to those
Who needed aid his healing thought and calm,
Yet never did men lower down perceive
His shape or hear his voice, except, perhaps,
In dreams, or visioned by the throb of pain.
The very name of Hoo-Ahm, rarely named,
Almost was lost beneath the tides of Time,
While ever he grew mightier in the Truth,
In wisdom and the government of powers
That no man knew, of which but few dared
dream.

His parents and his friends of long ago
Had passed beyond and rendered their accounts.
Our great High Priest, oftentimes, would speak to
those

Who in the Robes of Purple were arrayed,

And with his loved Iren and only child,
Who thrived in beauty 'mid the Summer Land
Of Liberated Souls grown pure on Earth.
Meanwhile the land increased in wealth and
power,
And civilizing agents constantly,
Of every kind, were sent abroad to teach
And maintain equity and harmony.
Whene'er the nights came on and forth the stars
Would march in all their numberless array,
The grand old man would climb the winding
stairs
Up to the temple's roof, to contemplate
And note their steady progress through the
skies,
To seek repose, at last, in slumber deep.

Thus passed the years until one night Hoo-Ahm
Was called up to the central temple-tower,
That highest point on all Atlantis' Isle,
Whence poured the never-dying Light of Om
On all the world, a ray which those unlearned
In spiritual lore could not behold
But which, perceived, throbbed love and wisdom
pure
Into the heart and mind, and strength of will
And body e'er bestowed.

The golden stairs
He climbed and there, unveiled before his sight,
Beheld a shining form. A pure white light

From it diffused throughout the circling room,
Nor could he tell if male or female soul
Conferred the life and shape.

“Hoo-Ahm, thou hast
Been hither drawn by spirit force controlled
By me and which this wand I hold directs
Where'er I will.”

The voice was sweet and high
And sounded clear as flawless silver bell:
“I am the last of those who came to bring
The flower of sacred knowledge to the world
And who have built Atlantis' vast empire.
The Heavenly Order of the Crystal Ray
Have called me hence, and needs I must obey.
The Mighty Ones have given stern command
That I shall place this scepter in thy hand.
On Earth the angel-born may stay no more
And on the Race his benefactions pour.
Sad is thy fate, indeed, to watch and guide
Thy well-beloved country o'er the tide
That must convey it to its final doom.
Yet do thy best and speak thy truth to all:
It matters not what woe and death befall:
The nation must be buried 'neath the waves
Despite thy efforts to uphold and save,
Yet scattered o'er the world shall be the seeds
Which thou shalt sow broadcast, and fruit of
deeds

The souls of those who die shall live to reap
In other lands, when many ages sleep:
Keep, then, thy mind on Truth, and give it out
Regardless of whoever shall attempt
To still thy tongue. With me thy Race hath
gained

The summit of its flight, and hath attained
The point whereon it stands. Thou hast re-
mained

To watch the swift descent, and witness bear
To what thou seest. Strength unto thee is
given

From out the wells that quench the thirst of
Heaven.

Farewell to thee, and when shall come the time
Give out whatever thou shalt see is true."

Then unto him the angel gave the rod,
Breathed o'er him one more blessing and was
gone.

Atlantis' Hierophant and Ancient, now,
And allied with that Great White Lodge of
Christs

And Princes of Supernal Realms, Hoo-Ahm
Was made Initiate in full of those
High Orders Who control the fates of men,
Charged to perform on earth a thankless,

Unrewarded task, save in the gain
Of knowledge and the consciousness of One
Indwelling and alone within Himself,
And in the knowledge of the good on men
Bestowed through giving unto them what truth
From time to time he gleaned.

Throbbled on the pulsing tide of years and men:
Three centuries were gone; the Three and
Twelve
In personnel were altered thrice throughout,
For in that land the average human life
Was many times that of those men who came
In other countries and in later times.

To Hoo-Ahm came
Super-terrestrial beings who conversed
With him of many things beyond the scope
Of other men's imaginings and thoughts.
In wisdom ever grew he still more great,
Until the world held none so wise as he,
While through the centuries Atlantis gained
In wealth acquired and luxury achieved.
The Ancient's voice was heard by those in power
Until about a hundred years before
The cataclysm which befell the land.
'Twas then the fell discovery was made
That in the sulphides and the nitrates held,

Combined in certain quantities, was force
Terrific, yet controllable by men,
By means of which projectiles could be cast
En-hurtling through the air, explosive mines
Be laid beneath the feet of those who wrought
Against the domain of whoever knew
This deadly secret and its methods used.
Then rose a group of men who gained control
Of all the mines and other places where
These grim ingredients were found to lie.
With cannons and with mines they overcame
The olden-time régime, the army won
And mighty fleets of giant vessels gained.
These all were sent abroad and hosts of slaves
Were taken on the continents and brought
To labor in Atlantis' fields and roads,
Until all healthy toil became unknown
To Atlan's ancient peoples and their sons.
With luxury and ease came sickness strange,
By captured slaves brought from far-distant
shores,
While arrogance and pride outstripped the pace
Of knowledge in those nobler, better truths
That weld the Race in one and show all men
To be of equal worth to Holy Om.
The rulers of the land forgot their vows,
Spirituality they held in scorn,
And tempted by ambition and their lusts,

The Highest Three no longer would obey
The Ancient's voice, while discord entered in
As ne'er before was known. The Lower Twelve
Rebelled against the Spirit's rule and law
Until, at length, the Hierophant was stripped
Of every vestige of his former state
And made a prisoner within his tower,
For even these most foul and wicked ones
Dared not ascend to where he dwelt alone
Nor to attempt to pass the barrier
Of blinding light that rose across their path.
Crime and debauchery rode raving mad
And rampant through the land, the cities grew
To be mere brothers to allay the lust
Of those who reigned, and woman's virtue came
To be a legend of the past. The shrines de-
famed
By gluttony and lechery most foul,
The people's homes abodes of brazen vice,
All higher thought became unknown, except
In isolated sections where, perhaps,
A few old-fashioned families still dwelt
But who dared not give voice to what they felt.
'Twas in those days the Ancient would appear
Beside the fount that sprang from out the
mount,
Exhorting all the people to repent.
Of this the rulers heard, and more than once
Essayed to still his words by brutal force.

But bullets felt he not, while sword-thrusts met
Resistance not of bone or fleshy part,
Nor as he came and went did men perceive
From whence or where, nor did his steps awake
A sound.

'Twas in those days that saintly Nah
Beheld the Ancient's form before him stand,
Who charged him to prepare that ark wherein
He and a few escaped when perished all
Beneath the 'gulfing flood.

Who can believe
The gods did else than right who overthrew
A race so mad, with sin as men were then?
Down through advancing years the tale of death
Hath been retold, for all the nations knew
Their conquerors were smitten in their pride.
Ere many centuries had passed away
The colonies established o'er the world
Had been destroyed by yet another flood
Of vice inherent and encroaching tribes
Of savages untutored, filled with lust
To glut themselves upon Atlantis' wealth,
Which they, however, ne'er could make their
own
Nor reproduce.

The minds of men grew dark
And lives of men grew void of joy and hope.
Wars, pestilence and fear usurped the place
Of Atlan's reign, till finally the Globe

Was shrouded in a mantle black and cold
Of strangeness to the Spirit and Its Might,
Except when now and then a chosen soul,
Who once incarnate dwelt on Atlas Land
Came back again to live upon this Earth,
To speak once more the words the Ancient spoke
Upon the emerald mount whence came the
 streams

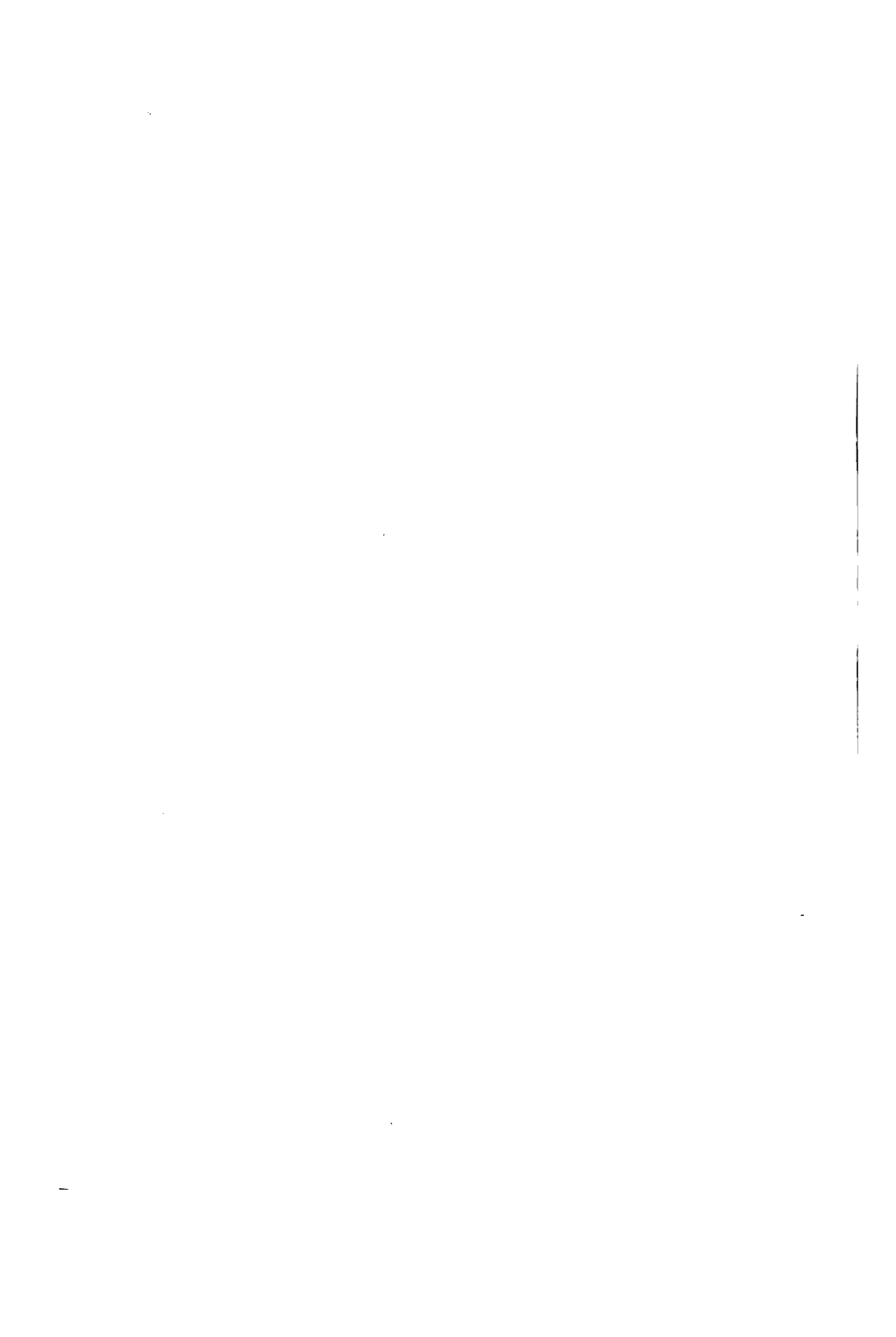
That in the four directions flowed and poured
Great rivers of achievement o'er the world.

The mission of this Poem is to bear
To an On-Coming Race the words of him
Who reigned the last in Atlantean Realms,
To call to souls who listened to his words
So many thousand years ago the dim
And fleeting shadow of the memory
Whence they can build anew in later days
The wondrous institutions of that land
Wherein they dwelt, without the dreadful price
Of knowledge that in ages gone they paid.
Another flood upon this world must come;
A great outpouring of enlightened souls
Who fled their lives in horror and dismay
While, blessing all, with wide-extended arms,
The Ancient stood, and showed the way
Towards the open gates of Higher Heavens.

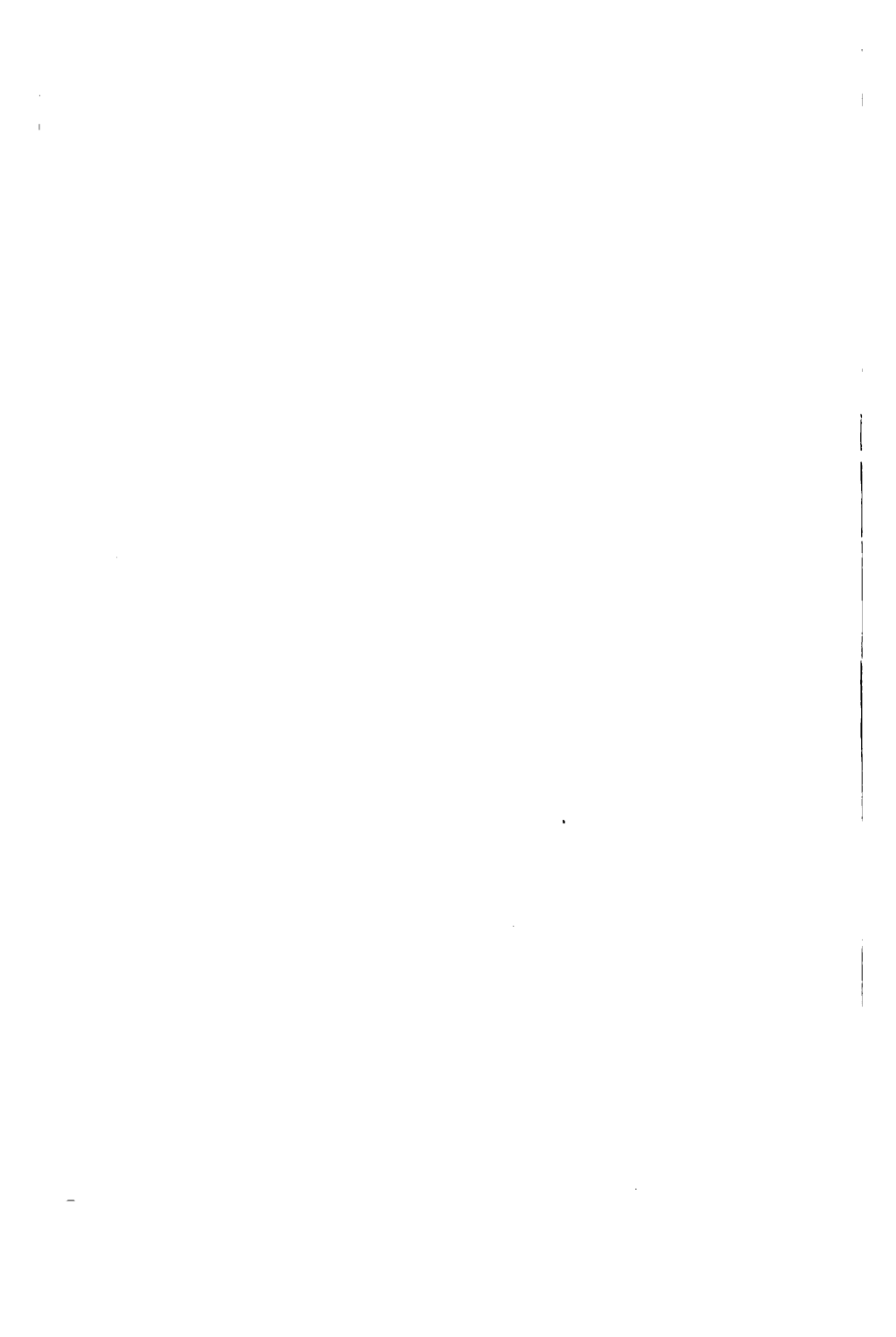
For Atlantean Spirits now on Earth
This Poem must be but the vehicle
To bear them back where they can hear once
 more

The earnest, priceless lessons in the Truth
That Hoo-Ahm taught, herein set down in form
All fragmentary and far too brief, I know.
Now let the student dwell upon the thoughts
Through him sent down from high, supernal
 Spheres,

And unto such an one shall vistas ope'
As ne'er before he dreamed could be revealed.



BOOK II
TEACHINGS



TEACHINGS

FROM out of his tower high up on the mount
Atlantis' last teacher came down,
And, gath'ring the people about the great fount
That poured from the hillside's crown,
He spoke to them earnestly, in words of power:
"Thou prayest to gods who are highest in might
For place and all plenty, for peace and for light;
Thou call'st in the depths of the dread, silent
hour

For guidance of spirits of love and of hope;
Thou begg'st that thy mouths shall be filled full
of truth,
That knowledge and wisdom, in all their vast
scope,
Shall lift up thy minds and charge them with
youth; —
Thou scal'st the great mountains of fervent
appeal

For domain o'er self and all it contains;
The steed of thy soul thou givest the reins
Nor needs it the touch of the whip or the steel
To bear thy aspiring thought to the height
Of pure self-denial — or so thou dost think —

Though ever thou wond'rest that nothing but
night

Appears spread before thee, as there on the brink
Of Truth thou dost stand: Thou prayest again
That thou shalt be given vast powers for good
Which thou canst command for the welfare of
men

And that thou may'st stand where the Masters
have stood.

All well are thy prayers, while in them I join —
Renouncing the things for which you all seek,
My voice I uplift, and thus to you speak:
Pray not that the Masters shall give thee, alone:
Thy mad supplications have borne on their wings
To seats of the Mighty ambitions of worth —
That none may gainsay, or deny that the things
For which thou art longing are best on this
Earth:

Yet mast'ry bides never in wishing for self,
As separate being, a hope of its own,
And if thou wouldst climb to the Spirit's true
throne

Thou e'en must give up every prayer for *Its*
wealth.

Forget thou the strife, then, for 'Mast'ry' and
all:

Let prayers fill thy soul for another than thee
And pray that conditions for others may be
Much easier made; that light and love fall

On some other's soul, whose sorrowful thought
Impinges thus hard on thy own consciousness
And to thee from out of the silence hath brought
Thy longing for truth and for true happiness.
Pray not that the Masters' Own Joy shall be
thine —

Pray that through another's pure spirit it shine :
Pray deep that the world shall be lighted with
bliss
And that all on Earth e'en the Highest shall
kiss.

Renounce *all* thy vanity, *all* of thy greed,
And ask not that even the noblest and best
Be given to thee, whereon thou canst feed,
For thus, only, winnest thou Truth's hardest
test.

Pray health to the sick and strength to the weak ;
Pray succor in danger and hungry ones food ;
Pray love for the heart-sick and nothing but
good
For all who upon thee their vengeance might
wreck.

Do none of these things in the hope of reward ;
Be selfless and soulless, and then shall be heard
The prayers that thou sendest to thy own soul's
God,
Who through all thy lives e'er beside thee has
trod.

Be patient, be kindly, be gentle and sweet —

Perhaps, as thou wand'rest, some day thy great
love

Shall draw from those Powers Who hover above
A vision of beauty and glory to greet
The faithful disciple who thus hath in tears
Of radiant compassion en-hallowed his years.
A blessing I leave you and bid you farewell,
The while on these words I charge all to dwell."
Then out of their midst he went his lone way ;
While deeply endeavoring life's problem to solve,
His speech in their minds the people revolved,
For he came no more to them for many a day.

In solitude the soul grows strong and capable of
conquest ;

In the contest of life it only brings into play and
exercises

The forces it has drawn to itself in times of
quietude and peace ;

Yet the soul is like unto a nation or a body :

It must not remain so long in passiveness and
the enjoyment of the luxury of isolation
that its energies turn into feebleness and
its muscles into pulp.

To come and go ; to rise and fall with the tides
of Universal Excellence ; to swing from the

positive to the negative, and then back again, without the loss of understanding or mental and emotional harmony, this is victory over self, this is conquest over conditions.

Not to war with Destiny, but to make Destiny to accord with thine own will is to solve the riddle of Fate.

To see in submission the manifestation of power, to behold energy in a state of rest, to look into the depths of man's mentalities and there perceive their motives and purposes unfolding themselves, to comprehend the beginnings and the end of things, this is true clairvoyance, this is seership and the root of knowledge and prophecy.

To place the enemy's foot upon thine own neck; to bow thy brow to the very dust, that he may think thee subdued; to make thy foe fear thy gentleness and forgiveness, this is triumph over circumstances, this is the fruit of thy most stalwart endeavor, for thus thou dost disarm him and render him defenceless, and whilst thou art the initiator of thy seeming surrender thou makest him the easy victim of the arrows of thy friendship and tiest him fast in the thongs of thy love.

Sayest thou that I preach to thee the doctrine of

a race of slaves? And that I would subvert patriotism and national existence to an ideal of peace?

It is not so.

He who resists not never can be overcome:

He who would rather that his carcass should rot by the roadside than that he should lift up the hand of violence is not fit prey for a conqueror.

When the hosts of the invader come they shall find thy fields ripe with grain and thy tables groaning with goodly fare, oh, my people, and every hand held out in welcoming kindness.

Over the board of thy hospitality the strangers shall sit down and when they have eaten and drunk their fill thou shalt make them co-laborers in thy vineyards, as sons and brothers in thy house.

They shall love thy land and abide therein; much they shall accomplish to increase the stream of thy well-being.

Be warned against the wiles of the agitator and close thine ear to the voice of him who counselleth violence:

Better to live under a material oppression and under the weight of a seeming despotism

than to bind thy soul with the consequences of anger and the cables forged of wrath, for not for many incarnations canst thou break the last strands of their weaving or sunder the final link welded of thy uncharity.

Not great are thy necessities:

Why needest thou to fear that thou shalt impoverish thyself with thy giving; that thou canst beggar thyself with what thou sendest forth?

Doth not the leaf draw the sap from out of the twig and doth not the twig call upon the branch for sustenance?

Doth not the branch draw its life from out the trunk and do not the roots give unto the trunk the secret of their being?

Like unto the tree is the Race of Humanity:

Even as the root giveth unto the leaf its sap, so doth the leaf return unto the roots its nourishment revived and renewed in purity by the atmosphere, the sun-light and the rain.

The Wisdom of the Infinite heedeth not "above" or "below" for all are units within unities, and none is superior to any other.

Not more necessary is the material to the Spirit than the Life is to the body.

Not less worthy is the medium through which the soul speaks unto the world than the Voice that speaketh.

Not more necessary the mind that controlleth the parts than the parts which convey sustenance and power to the mind.

Hast thou ever stood in the dazzling radiance of Divinity and in the pure white light of Om, and didst thou behold the still more Stupendous Unity revealing Itself?

Then thou canst not hold even to thy Soul's personality and neither can the desire for individual being, formed or formless, maintain its bondage over thee.

Yet well is it said that the Soul is real, for it, alone, is formless, while ever resolving itself into forms; being formless, it is neither changeless nor changeable and standeth superior to the polarities of being, while the flesh is true in the truth bestowed upon it by the will of the Creator, the Soul.

Must not that which hath the power to bring thy physical counterpart into being possess the strength to sustain it while the Spirit wills it thus to be?

Would the mind of the finite question the wisdom of the Loftier Spheres?

Shall the will of the body dare to deny unto the Soul that which is essential to the uplift of the consciousness?

Then shall the hopes of the mortal be crucified upon the Cross of Saturn and not until they are buried in the tomb of repentance shalt thou behold, again, the Sun-light of contentment and peace.

Like unto the world without thee is the world thou dost contain:

Within thy mortal frame are all the essences of the body of Nature, while in thy spiritual being are the counterparts of all of the elements of the Eternal.

As thy consciousness functioneth upon any plane of mentality, so dost thou call into thy mind the wisdom of that sphere of being and so dost thou bring thyself into communication with the souls residing within those realms.

If thou desirest to manifest unto the world the supremacy of wisdom and power these thou best canst secure by finding their sources within thyself and by turning their streams thence outward towards all humanity.

Thus thou shalt make of thyself a medium for the discharge of the karma of the loftiest of

disembodied souls and thy guides shall be the Spirits of Love and Sublimar Truth.

Canst thou, than this, gain more from life?

Then say to me what more thou canst attain upon this or any other world.

In the image of Cosmos thou art made, for Cosmos is Infinite and thou art but the miniature of the life of all-Being, or so thou dost imagine thyself whenever thou hast awakened from its slumbers thy own Soul.

What "I-Am" thou shalt manifest is the plane of consciousness upon which thy thoughts habitually shall function, which is not predestined, but of thy own choosing.

If thou enviest the life of the ass or the swine, then abide thou with them, partaking of their flesh, their food and their drink, their emotions and their thoughts, then will the joys of their kind be thy joys, while all the nations shall declare thy likeness unto them and the merit of thy place.

Desirest thou the might and beauty of the arch-angels?

Then within thy own Soul seek their residence: There take up thine abode and, thinking like unto them and doing as thou conceivest them to do, thou shalt take upon thyself and all thy parts their image and shalt

radiate their perfection, until all the
Spheres of Higher Excellence shall behold
and know thee for what thou hast become.

Draw thy sustenance, then, from the Highest
Sources;

Fear not to let their currents flow freely
through thee upon all thy earthly sur-
roundings.

Wisdom and love are all about thee;

To make them thine own in truth thou needest
not seek them elsewhere than in thy own
Inner Being.

Scorn not to awaken the voices of thy Soul into
conscious expression by any means given
unto thee.

Teachers and poets, prophets and sages can do
no more than to arouse the sleeping angels
within thee whom thou, alone, canst liberate
to fulfill their mission in the lives of men.

Without bound or limitation is the Universe of
the Infinite, hence thou needest entertain no
fancy that thou canst exhaust the foun-
tains of Goodness, or that thou ever shalt
scale the topmost summits of Achievement.

Open thine ears, so thou mayest hear, Oh, my
People;

Open thine eyes so thou mayest see the beauties
and wonders of the Supernal Creations,

wherein are the sources of glory and light,
wherein are the main-springs of thy highest
perfection and supremest happiness.
Suffer thy thoughts to ride upon the soaring
cloud-caps of Futurity;
Permit them to sink into the deepest abysses of
the Past:
Upon their wildest flights of ecstasy thou shalt
keep them company and into the profound-
est depths of agony with them thou shalt
go;
For thou art their master and unto thee they
shall become but the pinions upon which
thou so shalt take thy journeys of learn-
ing;
Thou shalt direct them, whenever thou so shalt
elect, unto those sweeter intermediate
planes:
Thou, truly, unto thyself, forever shalt be the
Reality, and whilst thou shalt recognize and
understand all the visible features of Thy-
self, yet never shalt thou be overcome by
anything excepting the Will to the Highest
speaking in purest harmony through every
seeming portion of thy selfhood.
Not more is Man than Woman, neither greater
is Woman than Man; hand in hand and to-
gether they shall walk through life, render-

ing mutual service, a joy and a solace to each other.

Not greater is the master than the servant, for the one but doth serve the other, while he who hath the most employees is he who must render accounting unto the largest number.

Not more important is the Spirit, the body, the trunk or the branches, for all must go forward together and all are the form of the Infinite.

Not superior is one's spirit to another's, for Spirits know not beginning nor ending, and all are the breath of th' Immortal; nor difference in age is there between them, yet no man knoweth his Spirit, which ever is becoming, yet never is.

Therefore thinkest thou not that thou shalt gain in another sphere of life greater bliss than in this:

Remember, always, that whilst thou dwellest here thou beholdest with the vision of the human and listenest with mortal ears;

Thy joys and sorrows are the joys and sorrows of earth:

When thou hast ascended to the Realms of Angelhood there, also, thou shalt perceive differences of surroundings;

Then thou shalt experience the cares and ecstasies of the Bright Ones who have cast aside the bondage of the flesh ;

Another vehicle thy Spirit will have chosen and there thy strength will be tested by the trials of that environment, even as now it must submit to the limitations of this existence ;

There, even as here, thy own Soul shall sit as arbiter over thy Destiny and then, even as now, thou shalt name thy own sadness and thy own bliss :

Thy joys and thy sorrows are fleeting, yet Sorrow and Joy are eternal :

Into those regions which lie beyond the gateway of death thou shalt progress even as far as thou hast ascended upon the planes of Consciousness while dwelling in this, thy mortal habitat ;

Therefore it behooves thee to dwell much upon Goodness and Virtue, on Truth, upon Honor and Greatness, for through them thou growest in stature, into the best on all planets.

Why seethe the people's minds with a vast unrest :

Why turn their thoughts rebellious and unruléd

While kings' and princes' chariots of gold
Dash through the city's streets, by Terror
drawn?

Here Madness sits enthroned and gilded pomp
Doth fill the temples of the holy Truth.
The soul of Love hath fled and Wisdom's sway,
No more esteemed of men, hath given place
To lust of power and foolishness of sense.
In ostentation vain and drunk with wealth,
The dazed and selfish victims of its lure,
The great ones of the Earth, now blind and deaf
To all the beauties sweet of Spirit forms
And to the magic tones of Goodness' voice,
Drag down the land to swift-impending doom.
Dead are the hearts that beat within the breasts
Of those who strive. As dogs that quarrel o'er
a bone,

Men look into each others' eyes in hate and
wrath:

Their homes are wrecked and all sex-glories cast
Into a pit of foul, ill-smelling filth.
The male and female battle each to win
The dominating place, to make the mate
The servant of the one who shows more strength
In arts and wiles, in threats and blows more dire.
The children, while their parents war, are left
To roam the streets unguided and untaught,
Their hair uncombed, their clothes with vermin
filled.

Urania rules the air, and portents sad;
Defeats and sorrows, internecine strife,
Revolts of beasts and those who dwell below
'Gainst all the Higher Powers of the Truth
Are all the Inner Eye can see when questions It
The outcome of this gloomy, care-o'er-shadowed
time.

Shall Saturn rule thy house, alone, Oh, sons of
men,

Or shall sweet Venus and the might of Jove
Prevail in bringing order from the midst
Of all this chaos which the stars survey?
When Posidon doth e'er complete the cross
Upon the skies, vast hurricanes shall sweep
The circumscribing Deep; the lightning flash
Shall cleave the air; the ground shall heave and
toss;

The continent shall upward throw its arms
And then shall sink, convulsed, beneath the
waves,

Yet wonderful the force of Human Thought
Which by its might can bring all Nature's rage
To nought and can replace with sweetest calm
The awful terror which must otherwise
Engulf the World and fill the Race's mind
For eons hence with saddest memories.
Configurations far beyond the path
Of this poor planet and its satellite
Can wreck the haughty nation who now rules

The seven seas and all the many lands
That stretch from Indus to Andean Peaks,
Yet if that nation wills to cease its strife
And by the power of Love and banished Truth
Bring peace again unto the Globe's great heart
All this vast argument above shall spend
Itself in nothingness, and might of Thought
In stable firmness hold the frightened Earth
And 'neath the mountains strong foundations
lay

That will uphold them in their majesty.
Thou canst, but thou wilt not! Then I shall
lead

Thy souls to higher realms of Life, as high
As thou canst climb upon the ladder wrought
By thy attainment on the Plains of Now:
'Twas centuries ago I came to thee
To work to overcome the force of Ill:
Despite my ardor in the cause of Love
I cannot halt thee in thy downward course:
My head doth bow in pain, and agony
Of ruined worlds doth wring my bleeding heart
That consummation I must witness, thus,
Of all the dread forebodings of the Host
Who watch the Clock of Good mark hours of
Fate:

Despite my warnings to thee and my tears,
To East and West and North and South thy
ships

Shall bear a few survivors hence ere long
And with them news throughout this empire vast
Whereat the beatings of men's hearts shall
pause.

Canst thou measure the bounds of Infinity?
Canst thou place upon the Incalculable
The rule of thy mind, Oh, beloved?
Then neither canst thou encompass
With the instruments of finite reasoning
The extreme dimensions of thy own aspirations
Or fix the termination of the unfoldment
Of thy own Soul.
Shalt thou say how many cycles
In the sweeping spiral of Evolution
The path of thy incarnations shall circle?
'Twere ever futile to essay by human knowledge
The limiting of the Limitless
Or the attainment of Perfect Rest:
Even when at the summit of its ascension
And when dwelling in Supernal Regions
Among the joys of angelic achievement,
Verily the Consciousness shall awaken
And the Soul shall fly
From the embraces of Seraphs
To seek the love of material beauty,
To endeavor the solution of mystery,
To revel in the conquest of pain.

The voice of the heavenly lover
Shall become lost in the tumult of desire;
The spell of Creation shall call thee
Again to those planes where Compassion
Shall give to thee strength of volition
To rise to still sweeter surroundings
When change shall again call thee outward
From physical life and its semblance.

Not upon the number of thy beneficiaries
Is the worth of thy service measured;
One is the epitome of All,
And if ever thou seest Humanity
As in a single form,
It is enough.
In serving One thou servest All,
And thereby dischargest the karma
Of centuries of selfishness.
If thou canst not serve in public,
Serve, then, in private,
For service is the key-note of progress,
Nor matters it how it is given.

If, for the welfare of thy lower being,
For procuring of riches and comforts of Earth,
To withhold from others what thus thou procurest,

Thou seekest command over planes super-human,
 Thou mayest attain it:
 But when the control of beings outside thee
 Is used for a purpose except for the good
 Of others than self,
 Such forces must rise against thy fell lordship
 And bear thee away on a flood of rebellion
 To regions where dire defeats shall befall.
 'Tis true that the spheres of the Astral and
 Mental
 Are subject to call from the Master of Truth,
 Yet "mastery" lies but in selfless endeavor
 And never is given to those who are weak
 Or even half-hearted in living and being
 The highest ideals which to others they preach.

Circumstance thou hast builded about thee:
 Hard and strong are the shackles of materiality
 And powerful, determined and long-sustained
 Must be the effort
 'Thou shalt put forth to conquer them.
 Not for a moment, but for ages,
 Shall the contest continue:
 Forever and forever shall the Urge of the Infinite
 Swell within thee;
 Eternally thou shalt reach out thy hand
 For the fruits of Supreme Wisdom;
 Without end shall thy appetite be satisfied,

Yet forever and forever thou shalt grow en-
hungered

For that which remains to thee still untasted.

Fill the spirits of my people,

Oh, Thou Mighty Ones,

With the hunger of Thy Love,—

The longing for Thy Excellence,

So that from attainment they shall rise

To still a greater attainment;

Though disaster and death must overtake them,

Yet wilt Thou hold them together

And shalt carry them, a united nation,

Through many centuries and many heavens,

Until they return again to the rulership of this,

Thy World.

The mighty minds of the seekers after spiritual truths have given to the world its strongest impulses in the direction of scientific research and thus the wisdom of the Soul hath been that out of which hath grown the knowledge of the lesser minds and hath become the foundation of the schools of men.

It truly is easier to know the spiritual than the material, for it is out of the knowledge of the Spirit, which comprises and includes all

lesser knowledge, that all perception cometh. Surely, the knower must know himself before he can understand aught else, and the Spirit must become aware of Its Own Being before any certainty can exist to It of that which is only a portion of Itself.

Among thee celibacy long hath been a source of contention.

Listen, then, while I speak to thee concerning the elements of sex:

Nature groweth strong and virile only in the power of the sex impulse.

If thou hast a good horse, which becometh fractious, thou dost not slay thy steed, but giveth him into the hands of a trainer, who reduceth him to obedience and maketh him doubly valuable unto thee.

Upon the chariot of his Passions the Poet rideth unto the highest apexes of thought;

Upon the charger of his desires the lover trampleth under foot all baseness and sordidness; he beareth on the lovelight of his mistress' eyes the burden of his sins to a fountain of cleansing and purification.

He who perverteth the instinct of sex worketh ruin to his body, and turneth into unaccus-

tomed channels streams holding terrific
power for destruction:

He in whom the desire is strongest worketh most
strenuously upon the Earth;

He who loveth the most doeth the most:

Seek, therefore, not the annihilation of desire;
slay not the courser which beareth thee to
glory, but bring him under the subjection
of thy will, so that he will follow the direc-
tion which thou dost give him;

Use thy desires for the welfare of others and thy-
self, and make them the valuable instru-
ments for the uplifting of humanity.

Ere thou turnest into thy own way and forsakest
the path of convention, search well thyself,
and know that thou containest the innate
force to journey upon the road which thus
thou choosest.

Knowing thy strength, go forward on thy sep-
arate endeavor without fear or confusion,
for if thou hast rightly and wisely under-
taken, thou shalt succeed, and nothing shall
overcome thee:

Yet it is folly to strive against superior powers,
and it is madness to battle against those
principles which represent human good,
upon any plane:

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Knowing well the merit of thy contention, thou
shalt not be defeated.

Many minds become clogged and useless through
the accumulation of the wreckage of analysis:

Many men turn away from the realization of
their ambitions because it cometh not in the
form they have anticipated:

The sculptor modelleth a statue, and it is beautiful:

Thou carest nothing for the material out of
which it is wrought, if the material is good:

The form and the color are perfect:

The lines and the contours are classic:

Thou expressest thy pleasure and payest, without
grudging, the price of the master-piece:

Yet when an angel cometh unto thee, garbed as
a beggar, thou welcomest him not:

Thou boughtest not the cloth which covered the
statue;

Thou heedest it not:

Then question not the wrapping in which thy
good is contained: accept it without murmur
and revel in the perfection thou canst
perceive in it.

Because the Adonis is molded from the clay of

the fields it becomes not less marvelous,
rather more so:

Then be not too analytical, and look as much
to purposes as to practice:

Be not over-prejudiced, but seek for the good in
all.

Many are the bodies which thy soul buildeth
about itself and many, many forms are they
which are contained in the One Being Who
compriseth thy Self.

Each body hath its correspondence in thy inner
consciousness:

The body of flesh hath the body of vitality and
the will of the creature to govern it:

While the soul inhabits the flesh, behold, it con-
structeth the form it must occupy when it
casteth off the shape of Man:

It bringeth from the regions prior to birth a
body of causation, which it rebuildeth out
of the emotions and the desires of the hu-
man and this constituteth the habitation
wherein It shall reside upon the next plane;
where it taketh with it, also, the body com-
posed of man's thought and his aspirations,
in which it liveth after it hath done with the
joys of the Astral World.

If thou desirest to luxuriate in health and power
in the Spheres to which thou shalt attain
after passing beyond the gateway of Death,
build thou, then, a body of emotion and
desire strong and obedient to the Higher
Will, and a mansion of aspiration beautiful
and noble, where thou canst rest in peace
and happiness.

Only as thou workest upon this Earth shall thy
heavenly houses be wrought;

Seek not nor think, therefore, to correct here-
after what thou wrongly hast done here,
for the Vision says thee nay and that fruit-
less and empty must be thy ambition.

Hoo-Ahm cannot assert that souls are immortal:

Only the Spirit, the Om,

Hath Eternal Being.

The soul hath within it

The spark of individuality

And seemeth the first segregation

From the Inconceivable Unity:

Therefore the soul becometh

As a body through which the Spirit functioneth:

For as long as the Sun shall shine in the heavens

May the soul have being,

For the soul of Man is one

With the larger systems wherein he dwelleth,

And can exist in some form
Upon some Plane of Reality
While this portion of the material universe
Shall persist:
The Spirit is perfect and non-existent
And Its manifestation above the order of soul
Is imperceptible to mortals,
While the soul is that
Which maketh note of imperfections:
It seemeth that there can be many throbs
Upon which souls may be pulsed into being
From the region which to us appears as non-
being,
And perhaps therein lies the reason
For the manifold variations
Of the expression of Life:
If souls are less than All
Then souls must be subject
To the laws of finite creation
And are things of time and space,
Yet thou, Oh, Son of Man,
Art more than mere body and mind,
For thou art that which governeth them
And therefore art thy soul:
Yea, more art thou even than Soul
For thou art that out of which thy soul
Was buildèd
And thou art that which erected thy soul
For Its manifestations and expression:

Thus thou tracest thy Self-hood
Into the Infinite
And become lost in the thought of Absoluteness,
Which we cannot assert
Is more than an assumption
Of the soul,
For that which is superior
To that which is conscious
Cannot be more than mere hypothesis: —
The lesser selves are but the vehicles
For the pressing forward of thy higher parts
And unto thee have been given
As the ladder upon which thou mayest ascend
Above the ordinary bondages
Into the greater freedom and purity
Of those realms of existence
Which we must suppose to be
But of which we can possess no assurance
Until we have lifted ourselves up to them.
Concerning thy soul, perhaps,
Thou mayest learn something,
But regarding thy Spirit
As a present reality
Thou ever must remain in ignorance.

Much hast thou accomplished, O my people, in
the accumulation of the riches of this
world;

Much hast thou achieved in thy self-development
and the unfoldment of the Spirit of
Power —

Be thou not puffed up!

When tempted to become inflated by thy egotism,
look before thee and wonder at that which
thou hast not done; —

Thy intellectuality shall shrink into foolishness
in the contemplation of the wisdom thou
hast not acquired;

Thy will shall shrivel into nothingness when confronted by that which thou hast not performed:

Be thou not puffed up!

Ere a thousand years have passed, thy massive
structures of steel and wood shall have become
nothing but dust and a heap of rust;

Thy great causeways shall be no more save here
and there a shapeless mound, covered by an
impenetrable forest;

Be thou not puffed up!

Thy metal statuary shall have become corroded
and shapeless under the wearing of the elements;

The civilization of which thou art so proud will
leave not a trace upon the face of Earth,
excepting the Truth which I have spoken:
It, alone, shall persist after all these things
have passed away:

Men shall question that Atlantis ever hath existed, and shall doubt the very fact of her being:

Be thou not puffed up!

Now arise those who complain of corruption and inefficiency on the parts of those who have been placed in office:

Know ye not that political vileness is but the result of the lack of the Spirit of Unity; is nothing excepting spiritual unfitness?

Be thou strong in the knowledge of the soul, and be thou guided thereby, and these manifestations of unmerit shall disappear forever.

Verily, the teacher cometh not upon the plane of Earth

To instruct the minds of cherubims

Or to enlighten the understandings of the Arch-Angels.

While here it is given unto him to strengthen the weak

And to lift up the fallen,

To pour the balm of his counsel into the hearts that mourn

And to lighten the burden of the heavy-laden.

To those who are well the physician comes not,
Neither needs the finished statue

The added touch of the master's chisel.
While on Earth it is given to care for the
Earth's necessities —

To solve the problems of this world:
When the soul hath ascended to other kingdoms
The conditions of that existence will surround it
And then it will be called upon to read the riddle
Of that phase of Creation: —

Earth to Earth, soul to soul and spirit to spirit,
So beholdeth the wisdom of the Ancient.

It is true, however,
That success in dealing with present concerns
Tends to the averting of failure in the future
And that no effort is lost upon any plane.
Answer in thy own mind
The question of what constituteth thy success
And all these apparent paradoxes will perplex
thee no longer.

He who enlargeth upon the development of
Character

And layeth stress only upon the growth of Love,
Disregarding the importance of the upbuilding
And the unfoldment of the Mind,
Misseth the hidden treasure of experience:
He who acteth only upon the impulse of his
heart

Doeth often unwisely,

And by the misdirection of his efforts
 Bringeth his own fair intentions to nought.
 Not only shalt thou live in faith,
 But also thou must abound in good deeds,
 If thou art to enter
 Into the highest secrets of Excellence.
 He who only is good at heart
 Spendeth his life in failure and emptiness:
 He who hath nothing excepting Character
 And erecteth not the structure of his career
 As well upon the ability as the will to do
 Becometh as the house constructed upon an in-
 stable foundation
 And is wrecked by the first storm that blows.
 Be not deceived by the teachers whose words are
 long
 And difficult of understanding: —
 In balance of faculties is the heart of achieve-
 ment:
 Body, mind and soul together and in oneness
 Developed and unfolded
 Must labor forever and in unison
 To accomplish thy noblest bidding.

Knowest thou not the nativity of Hoo-Ahm, the
 Ancient?
 High upon the arc of the Mid-Heaven rode
 Mars,

The Red Warrior, first-born son of Apollo.
Power is his element and Will the tool of his
genius :

Upon the levels of the bestial confusion and contention

Follow in his foot-steps ; carnage and disruption
Remain to tell of his passage.

Such an one as the Ancient stops not before
injustice

Nor remains still in the presence of inequality.
In his youth the glory of conquest was over him
And victory strode after his banners :

The heathen trembled at his name
While the mighty of Earth obeyed his mandates.
But now the mantle of wisdom he hath worn
For many generations and the palm-branch of
Love

He hath wielded in place of the sword :
Long he hath labored for the preservation of the
Kingdom

From the assaults of corruption and iniquity ;
Upon the battle-fields of the mind
And among the mountains of the soul
His triumphant campaigns have been conducted :
The work of the Lord-Consciousness must he
further

Even at the cost of a continent and e'en at the
cost

Of the earth-lives of many millions of men.

They speak of him as the "madman"
 Because they have not the minds or the knowl-
 edge

To grasp the vast truths that he utters
 Or to stand
 Before the swift streams of his eloquence.
 A messenger of Love, he uplifts before them
 The banner of Truth and Right-Living,
 Yet they heed not him or his message
 Till his heart is weighed down by his sorrow
 And his grief o'er the futile endeavor.
 Nevertheless,
 As the Lords of the Light have commanded,
 He speaks to the storms and the tempests,
 When men close their ears to his accents
 And harden their hearts to his pleadings,
 For the winds shall bear out o'er the planet
 The thoughts from his spirit out-welling —
 The seeds of his love and his kindness —
 To bear their own fruit in the future
 These blind ones deny in their folly.

Emissaries and messengers, soldiers and guards
 Of the King of Forever,
 Are the thoughts of Humanity:
 Through fields immense of pulsating thought
 And across vast, vibrating expanses of intelli-
 gence

Swing our Sun and its system of planets:
As one who plungest into an icy surf
Shiverest at the touch of the waters,
Or as he who divest into the warm river
Delights in th' embrace of the liquid,
So answer the minds of men to the impulse
Sent out from the Hearts of the Wise Ones
And so do their thoughts and their actions
Reflect true the Will of the Highest,
Who seek for the good in all creatures.
No freedom of will hath my brother
Excepting in harmony perfect
With th' Will that on goodness is focused
Intensely, without variation.
The son of folly and error
Is ever the one who would struggle
Against that terrific bombardment
Of thoughts and desire for power
Which permeate all of the ether
And speed on the wings of the Sun-Light.

The children of Folly go prating
Concerning their "giving" and "doing";
To give is no more than receiving —
Receiving is not more than giving.
To the Mind of the Truth thy great efforts
Are as vain as thy most idle pleasure.
Halts the Soul of Humanity speechless

Before the stupendous conception
Of Unity in all Its meaning.
Unmeasured and boundless, nor limits
Hath the Infinite, living and formless,
Nor center, nor yet an extremity;
Nor knows It "I Am" or "Thou Art."
In It all are gathered and centered
Within their own essence and Self-hood,
Which is equal in every condition.
Each heart is the "Heart of the Highest,"
Nor knows it beginning or ending
Or a life independent of being
Both within and outside of its seeming.
An atom's as great as the greatest —
As systems of suns and their off-spring.
Then speak not of "giving" and "taking,"
Of "having and holding forever."
Thou "hast" and thou "hast not" forever:
Thou art and thou art not "conditioned":
The "Will of the Lord" is thy own Will
And thine is the "Soul of Almighty":
Thy work is the work thou must finish,
Thy life is the life to accomplish.
Thou askest not "God" for His reasons —
Then ask of thy brother no questions:
So long as *thy* thoughts are *thy* highest —
So long as *thy* deeds are *thy* noblest
Thou standest in need of no judgment
Pronounced by another upon thee.

Thy happiness maketh no difference
To the Spirit That sitteth within thee
And alone occupies the strong fortress
From whence not a foe can eject It.
Give not for the sake of securing
A "happiness" brought from outside thee:
Take not and have not e'er dreaming
'Twill alter an iota's measure
The forces eternal and boundless
Of which Thou art center and circle.
No condition nor action can change Thee,
Nor life in its passing can injure:
What thou dost thou *must* is *thy* mandate:
Thy "upward" and "downward" thou makest:
Responsible not to a being
Except to the Lord of Thy Selfhood,
Who leadeth thy separate semblance
Along all the ways of experience.
Thy Spirit is happy and wholesome
And *thou* art no less than Thy Spirit:
Thy Spirit cares not for a sorrow
That tries to invade Its dominions,
But magically changes its substance
Into joy and the anthems of triumph,
While always It charges the lesser
To strive for the merging in oneness
With the Self and the Unit embracing
The whole and the All of Thy Being.

Verily, I say unto thee,
 There is no "law of necessity"
 Saving only that necessity which Man,
 Out of his desires, hath created,
 Neither is there any "slavery"
 Excepting the slavery of fear.
 Deeper than the depths of Wisdom,
 Higher than the summits of Love
 And greater than the supremacy of Power
 Are the Truths.
 No bondage is there that hath being
 Elsewhere than in the ignorance of Humanity:
 Thou believest in bonds and they encompass
 thee;
 Thou willest that ignorance shall fill thee
 And behold, all thy words speak but folly:
 Learn thou the truth, and it shall make thee
 free.
 More than this no one can do to thee —
 To destroy the body and thereby to liberate the
 soul.
 Thou willest that thou shouldst not die from
 Earth,
 Choosing, rather, to eat of filth and degradation
 Than to consent to thy present hence-passing.
 Thou fearest hunger and suffering
 And sellest thy labor to the highest bidder —
 Then thou complainest against his exactions,
 Crying out against "slavery"

And thy "law of necessity."
Shame unto him who preferrest a lie to the truth
And woe unto the nation that thus hath fallen
From the pinnacle of human enlightenment
Into the abyss of avarice and ignorance.
Woe, woe unto thee, Oh, Atlantis:
'Tis for this that thy end is approaching;
'Tis for this that thy doom is unchanging!
Down in the depths of the Earth thy fear hath
engendered
A dread which shall shake thy fair cities
Till never a stone but shall sever
Itself from its neighbor; till never
One block shall stand firm on another.
No more shall the soil know the secret
Of bringing forth grain for the harvest; —
Thy thoughts have wrought changes infernal
And destruction have mixt in the Elements.

Glorious are thy hillsides,
Oh, my Atlantis;
Verdant are thy valleys,
And like unto the Heart of Good,
Whence radiate the streams of ever-flowing Life,
Is thy great Capital:
Thy ten cities,
Bathed in the rays of the tropic Sun,
Shine as the centers of the Ten Solar Systems:

Like unto the planets are thy hamlets and vil-
 lages,
 And as the centers of emotion
 Found within the physical frame of Man :
 As the tentacles of an octopus,
 Reach forth the arms of thy power,
 Embracing within thy domain
 All the parts of the three great continents :
 Throughout the Earth
 Extend the arteries of thy commerce,
 Carrying unto the children of men
 The pure currents of light,
 Of knowledge and of wealth :
 Truly thou art a land of milk and honey,
 The home of the blest,
 The fountain of never-ceasing joy !

Well hast thou learned, my belovèd,
 One part of the lesson of thy earth-dwelling —
 That the wealth of this globe is given
 Unto thy usufruct and benefit : —
 Learn thou, also, the other part
 Of thy instruction :
 That wealth and riches increase with the using
 But decay and die when unemployed
 For thy good and for the good of all.
 It profits no man to withhold from his plenty
 Or to utilize it for purposes

Which he esteems, within his soul,
To be unallied with the highest good
Of all Mankind.

Hearken ever to the Voice of the Spirit, whether
it speaketh unto thee from the mouths of
men or from thine own soul:

Whatever thy Inner Vision shows thee is in har-
mony with thy truth, thou shouldst strive
to accomplish, so that every vehicle of thy
aspiration may be brought into concord
with thy Divinity and so that strength
shall be thine in every phase of being to
bear thee onward towards Eternity.

Trust not unto any to-morrow for thy develop-
ment; hope not in any heaven to gain thy
victory.

Here is thy battlefield and Now are the hosts
of Dissolution pressing upon thee; thou
shalt not progress upon the Planes of
Infinity to any higher state of perfection
than that unto which thy earthly attain-
ment hath entitled thee.

Keen must be thy sword, Oh, soldier of Hope,
and full of arrows the quiver of thy recti-
tude;

Great must be thy skill with the weapons of
Love, for subtle are the wiles of the De-
stroyer and numberless the armies of Error.

Hold firm to thy purpose, my brave one, for unto
thee, alone, is given the glory of achievement.

The mind is the body of thought:
The ray of consciousness is by the Self projected,
Now lighting one field of apperception and again another;
The Self, beholding, observeth, yet is not confused,
For the Self is the Supreme
And marvels not at His Own Creations,
Nor is astonished by the wonders of His Own Contriving.

He who spendeth his days accumulating property
And piling up his stores of worldly wealth
Is wise in a certain measure,
And he walketh upon one path of attainment,
But the Path is manifold
And he discerneth not that the many ways are one
Who hath not reached unto their junction.
He who standeth where the varied ways unite
Seeth the higher, single route, and learneth

That all are but endeavoring to ascend to the
summit

Whence everything becomes clear.

All things, in truth, are one within themselves,

And in the goodness and purity,

The matchless perfection and wondrous excel-
lence

Of the Indwelling Divinity,

Pervading, animating and comprising

All forms and substances, all thoughts and de-
sires,

Are good, are pure and true

In their own sphere of manifestation:

Therefore we say not that wealth and worldly
goods

Partake of evil, for thus to say must be

To deny the existence of the Infinite

And to affirm the possibility

Of the conquest of the Ultimate.

He who can remain undecieved in the midst of
illusions

And who can create reality in nothing

By infusing it with Good

Truly hath conceived what is meant by mastery.

To him in whom all earthly power becomes an in-
strument

To realize ideals centered in the Larger Good,

And whose mind loseth not the thought of good
in all,

To him shall be intrusted the guardianship

Of the well-springs of Prosperity.

Harm lieth only in the belief in evil, while sin
 Is constituted primarily in the belief in sin:
 Crime existed not before the coming of the law,
 And the law, made by men out of the thought
 And the consciousness of evil,
 Hath become the creator of crime
 And the source of ten million iniquities:
 Condemn him not, Oh, Beloved,
 Unto whom hath been given
 The custody of material being:
 Let him ever hold fast the thought of his respon-
 sibility,
 Knowing that his wealth
 Hath virtue and power for blessing
 Only when expended for the development of
 souls
 And for the uplifting and strengthening
 Of the minds and the bodies of men.

While upon this Plane thou art the custodian of
 Highest Good
 And it shall be thy duty to take and use what-
 ever thy Spirit
 Shall give into thy hand for Its benefit and exer-
 cise.
 Thy Soul's Great Lord commandeth not that
 thou shalt make of thyself,

Through negation and the denial of the truth of
external being,

A frail and broken stalk, insufficient to bear the
weight

Of the luscious and revivifying fruit of the
Eternal,

Or, by self-destruction upon any plane,

To become a shattered and broken pitcher

Unfitted to contain the waters of Love and Ever-
lasting Life.

Not only shalt thou know and master the
Spiritual,

But thou shalt do what is quite as difficult —

Thou shalt demonstrate control and mastery of
the substantial,

Turning all streams of endeavor into the vast
ocean of Universal Aspiration,

Before thou shalt have passed thy initiation

And before thou hast become worthy of mem-
bership

In the higher ranks of the Order of Those Who
Will.

Still greater than Renunciation is Consecration,

And verily, it is the Way of Consecration

That leadeth unto the apex of the Pyramid of
Good.

Have not the princely powers restrained my
body's freedom,

Confining it in the temple's tower
 Because I preached unto thee the Doctrine of
 Renunciation?
 Yea, it is by Renunciation that one wins unto
 Consecration,
 Yet he who hath found Renunciation must not
 condemn
 The one who labors in the Vineyard of Consecra-
 tion,
 Even though the inversion of principle may seem
 unto him
 The distortion of Truth and the blotting out of
 Light.
 Forget not, I charge thee, the test of usefulness,
 And Renunciation, until it becomes the giving
 up of all will
 Lower than the will to renounce even Renuncia-
 tion,
 May become the implement of degradation
 And the maintenance of those least admirable
 qualities
 Which fain would impede the progress of Evolu-
 tion and undo,
 Through many centuries, the labors of the
 Greater Minds.

Fertile are thy valleys, Oh, my country;
 Rich is thy inheritance, Oh, my people,

And fruitful are the minds of those who dwell
therein.

Great and varied are the harvests of Atlantis,
Wide-spreading her commerce
And numerous the channels of her activity:
Through all the length and breadth of the world
Her sway is acknowledged,
While unto her flows the tribute of all the na-
tions;

Before her mandate Humanity bows:
The respect and admiration of men
Clothe her as a wondrous garment,
Shimmering with the jewels of wisdom
And spangled with the pearls of power.
Sad is thy fate, Oh, Gem of the Ocean,
And sorrowful shall be the day of thy undoing.
He who hath discerned the Light of Futurity
Shall fly before the wrath of the elements
That shall engulf thee,
And full of grief would be my soul
That I must be the last of thy rulers
Did I not know that the spirits of men
Have neither beginning nor ending and that,
After the lapse of many centuries,
The Race of Atlantis shall return
To build anew out of its experience
A greater nation and a nobler destiny.
Even a mighty cataclysm such as must overtake
thee

124 **The Ancient of Atlantis**

Must work out the ultimate benefit of souls
Aspiring to the glory and truth of Immortals.
Yet, could I do so,
I would avert impending disaster, and endeavor,
By showing unto thee the Law of Finite Causation
And the tremendous power of Vibration,
To protect thee from the vengeance of the gods,
For I love thee:
But thou wilt not listen,
And I, alone, am not strong enough
To set aside the decrees of Destiny.

When the Moon hath left her fullness
And falleth to decline,
Then many minds are charged with woe;
Then all the World would mourn
And grieve its dead:
Then is a period when firm must stand
The warrior soul
And valiantly repel the foes
Of gloom and darkness who assail.
He who upon the Heights
Would take his place
Shall see the armies of the Night
O'erspread the land:
Then he must guard with might
The Citadel of Light,

And tend with loving care
The lamps of Truth and Hope.

Why perplexest thou thy minds,
Oh, my children,
Over those stupendous concepts
Which confront the Soul of Deity?
Long wranglest thou and loud
Upon the "Absolute."
Why carest thou for what
Thou never canst attain?
Until thou hast become in fact the All
The All thou ne'er shalt know or comprehend?
The very effort to confine
Within thy mental scope
The Limitless and Infinite
Would place a boundary upon
That Which hath never bound —
Would limit by itself the Limitless.
Whene'er thou wouldst affirm
This Universe hath ends
With what conception thou wouldst use
To build the encircling wall
Thou dost to just that breadth extend
The realms of Consciousness:
It doth no harm, at times,
To exercise thy mind
With thoughts upon the Cosmos and Its Might:

Still, all thy earthly years
 Are spent in contact with the things of Earth,
 Where thy most perfect aim
 Must be to act aright
 To gain for Self and all
 (The "bounded " and the " Boundless," if thou
 wilt)

The highest excellence of mortal planes.
 The only Absolute thou e'er canst find
 Must be within thyself:
 He who hath once ascended to that height
 Is not disturbed or moved
 By all the worlds of sense,
 Nor doth concern his thoughts
 With things which, unto him, are meaningless.
 Fret not thy souls with worries lest the All
 Hath not the might to make Its Own defense.
 By brotherhood and service unto men
 Prove thou *thy* worth:
 If thou shalt feel within thyself
 An urge to greater deeds,
 In earnestness pursue thine end
 With no intent except to feed
 The craving of thy soul.
 No reason needest thou to seek the Truth
 Save that thy soul commands;
 No argument or war need'st wage.
 The one who understands
 Is he who hath the mountains climbed

Till he surveys, with thee,
The vastness of thy own outlook:
To him thou mayest point
The grandeur of the scenery
That is before thy vision spread
But which the one who, down below,
Amid the valley dwells,
Cannot perceive or comprehend,
And which contention endless ne'er
Could prove to him exists.
Be wise and kind and full of love: —
It is enough!
The Wheel of Fate forever turns
And who to-day does all the good he sees to do
Hath cause in nought to fear
That evil shall arise
From out the seeds of Good.
The Pure Ones argue not with sons of men: —
Be thou like unto them
And find assurance in Thy Own True Self.

Who shall say where Reality hath its ending
And Imagination its beginning?
Who is it can define the point
Where Memory no longer persists
And Fancy usurps her sway?
Heed not the ridicule of men,
Who fain would make of thee

A target for the arrows of their "wit"
 That thou hast known that memories
 Of past existences
 Have wakened in thy brain.
 Perhaps Imagination is as real
 As what men eat and drink
 And see and smell and hear,
 While seeing, hearing, smelling,
 Feeling, tasting,
 Are nothing but the rousing in the mind
 Of certain memories,
 And thinking, dreaming, fancying
 Are only that same act
 Proceeding from within,
 Instead of from without.
 Hold fast whatever faith
 To thee is given from the Inner Self.
 Thy Truth to thee is true,
 It matters not what other men believe.
 Leave them their truth, but cleave to thine
 Until, by thy own will and choice,
 Thou cast it out.

Around the world, in these last days,
 Lie fields of pulsing Thought,
 Heated, pregnant with the life
 Of Races yet to be,
 And who will come as children come,

The witness of the mind
The mother held
While in the womb she bore
The babe unborn.
Inquiries and questionings of "Why?"
Enfold the Globe:
"Why have I come to Earth,
To work out here in pain and woe
My sep'rate destiny?
Hoo-Ahm doth say:
'Thou art the Absolute!'
The Absolute is All —
Needs not repeated lives
Wherein to gain experience and learn,
For surely It must know
And realize the Whole.
Life, then, is but a farce,
A hideous offense
'Gainst Reason and her laws."

Who say men is Hoo-Ahm?
Does not one now assert:
"He is Arr-Tush come back to Earth."
Another claims,
"He is the Prophet Fell reborn,"
Or "Zanthus here returned."
Hoo-Ahm perceives and knows
His Inner Self, but no one else,
And Hoo-Ahm whispers not

Concerning this.
His Separateness is sacred to himself
And he feels unconstrained to tell
What Introspection yields.
Thou art and thou art not —
Rise up and grasp that truth:
Whene'er thou *art*
Thou risest to the heights
And question not.
When in thyself thou sinkest low,
Then thou *art not*,
Though there thou canst not stay:
The Infinite within thee rises up
And says to thee:
"Go forth and find thy Self
And finding Self, find Me."
Thou art the only "Absolute" there is,
Yet if thou canst conceive of any All
Thou must imagine One
Which holdeth not converse,
Nor questions asks,
Nor protests nor complains.
Thou must concede that such an "Absolute"
Hath nought beyond Himself
And such an One
Must cast His Thought within Himself
To know or think:
When thus He does,

There must within Him rise up forms
And shapes and things,
Vast Principles of Universal Law
And streams of Power ;
By introspection must the Being Be
Of Such an One,
And must His Introspection bring to be
All that there is.
Eternal Justice standeth firm, supreme
In those High Minds
That reach unto the stature of the gods.
Thou art *thy* Absolute —
Still, that which knoweth pain
And sin and loss is Thee, as well.
The Deity asks not of men
When he would know Himself :
Ask thou no man !
Within thy fancied “ Absolute ” art thou :
Be thou Its Self,
And so no more complain and criticise
And find in fault thyself and other things.
Through all the Planes of Truth,
In pendulum-like swing,
The Consciousness re-acts and acts
Upon Itself.
Seek thou and find the place
Where lies thy Highest Good.
When thou art satisfied and all-content,

When thou art full of power and will-to-be
 Truly thou art then, in fact, the "Absolute,"
 And knoweth nought of sorrow,
 Pain or weakness or distress.

When Om, the One and Supreme Lord of
 All,
 Doth feel thy sorrow's currents rise and fall
 Perhaps he knoweth pain, whereat He must
 Endeavor to escape the throe, as dost
 Thy soul, and fain would from Himself look
 out:

What findest He, as gazest He about
 But nothingness and all-enshrouding void;
 But bitt'rest cold and misery alloyed
 By not the faintest stir of thought or will;
 A silence deep, than Death itself more still?

Then must the God-Head close His Eyes again
 And inward look, as do the souls of men
 When Outward Nought perplexeth and dis-
 may:

Then tender Love fills All again and sways
 All sep'rate being by the gentle breath
 Of Hope Divine, when fear and thought of Death
 Are driven forth, again, to the Abyss
 Where Darkness sits alone and Bliss
 And Noblest Truth are never known.

These wise men of Science who frantically excavate

The foundations of Earth for the secret
Of the Architect who erected her structures,
And who desperately claw at the summits
Of all the high mountains of action
To determine the Motive beneath them,
Denying the Forces unseen and unmeasured
At work through the body of Nature,
Do they not tell, in accents awe-stricken :
“ Unto the third and the fourth generations,
Bearing bodies and brains and their functions,
Sweeps the current of Human Heredity ;
Upon it each semblance or likeness
Is borne to the child from the parent,
And nothing exists on this Planet
But obeys this stern law of condition.
Each characteristic repeated
From father to son is transmitted ;
The life-force is but the reflection
Of environment shining on matter.”
When Folly rides forth there is nothing
Can halt her save final disaster —
Nor reason nor fact can detain her
As madly she urges her charger.
Where hath gone all the glory of Atlas,
So lacking in thee, his descendants ;
Whither flown all the wisdom of Horam,
Who established the laws of thy country ;

Why hath perished the genius of Zinon,
 That peerless composer of music?
 His children have never created
 A thing except noise and confusion,
 Through the course of untold generations.
 From out of the most ordinary
 Environments came sweet Irania,
 Whose beauty and purity never
 Were matched in the whole of Atlantis?
 It takes only twenty-one doublings
 For two to grow up to two millions:
 Of which of all these great-grand-parents
 Canst thou be the chosen successor?
 Be assured that the Spirit is Boundless,
 And knoweth Its ways and Its purpose.
 Then hearken no more to the foolish
 Who ask thee to worship the substance
 And would blind thee to all Inner Beauty.

Among you there now are many men
 Who endeavor to set themselves above you
 And proclaim themselves the teachers of the
 Race: —

The ancient doctrine of repeated lives
 Hath recently been seized upon and given forth
 As setting out a law which doth apply
 To sep'rate beings earth-born and apart:
 "Karma" hath been named as something to
 avoid,

Or else hath been declared
A Power that rewards whoe'er shall walk
Along the "path" these men describe.
When, Oh, Children of the Sun,
Shall Ignorance be banished from thy land,
Or must the gods' vast rage, at last,
Be breathed upon you, to destroy
Each vestige of a Race that clings to it
As to a highest good,
While Wisdom is compelled to beg and starve,
And ever walks alone?
List' to a word of Truth:
Hark not to those who try to place
A limit and restraint
Upon Om's Holy Self:
Infinite is He, and bounded not
By Time or Space: —
Permit no man to place
His calipers about thy Universe,
And suffer none to split in twain or more
Thy thought of Good.
Perhaps along the Spiral Path
Thy soul shall go —
Perhaps 'twill leap the Void
With bold and stalwart bounds.
Thou art, thyself, an "Absolute,"
And none can say to thee,
"Thus thou shalt walk."
'Tis said he who by th' Spiral Path
Doth take his way

Shall many times return to Earth,
 Where to him shall be measured out
 As he hath done;
 Where he must reap, in time,
 Whatever he hath sown.
 Why on this Earth? pray tell.
 Why should the soul work aught
 Save for Itself —
 Why actuated be, in any phase
 Excepting by Itself?
 Pure, Holy, Good,
 Immaculate and True, is Om,
 If so thou dost believe.
 Why must thy thoughts and words and deeds
 Be held by fear of "Karmic" loss
 Or spurred by hope of "Karmic" gain?
 Not for reward do thou,
 Nor to escape the penalty of "sin!"
 Pure, holy, good,
 Immaculate and true, is the soul of Man,
 To that extent which he doth surely know.
 That in the past thou hast reincarnations lived
 Is but because thou knewest in thy soul
 Such was thy fate.
 When laborest thou for gain and for reward
 Thy last demand is given unto thee —
 When on the Spiral Road.
 When fliest thou in fear
 Along that broad highway

Where travel most of men,
In swift pursuit upon thee springs
That which in horrid fear
Thou strivest to escape.
Those deeds thou didst perform
Because thy Spirit bade —
Those images and thoughts that passed
Before thy Consciousness
Without constraint or study on thy part
Effected nought to thee save greatest good.
Upon the Higher Way
Thou leap'st o'er many a void,
And found thy rest in mansions built
Upon the outmost stars —
If such there be.
Be Thou Thy Law, by Light of Spirit read.
Let no man fear this Truth:
Almighty Om is True,
Is Just, and Wisdom's Self:
Nor "Karmic" law, nor law of gods,
Nor e'en the frail conceits of men,
When based on right,
Thou thus shalt violate.
Let motive of thy actions be Thy Self
And Thy Great Good.
Be Thou, Thyself, the Law.
Strive not for that which lies without
But let it come to thee whene'er it wills.
Sell not thy soul for any price,

Nor now, nor in a million years to come.
 Rise over "Karma" and within Thyself
 Destroy its reign,
 And if thou comest back to Earth,
 Do so from choice,
 Because thou so dost wish.

Why must men revolt 'gainst benefits conferred?
 Why should they hold an enmity
 Against an one who hath
 Made efforts strong and purposeful
 To bring about their weal?
 Yet thus they do.
 Brave, indeed, is he whoe'er would dare
 To offer gift of love to him who lives
 To-day upon this Earth.
 Questionings of price and worth
 Thou holdest in thy mind:
 "Why did he give,
 Unless it were to grip
 Me tighter in his slavish bond —
 Because his gift doth evidence
 Superiority of him o'er me,
 And he would prove in this
 His greatness towering over mine."
 Still, thou dost take his presents
 While hating, thus, the one who gave,
 And while within thy mind and soul

Thou feelest self enslaved, and so dost hate.
Thou bowest to the ground
While he upon thee looks,
But when his back is turned
Thou cursest madly and dost tear
Thyself with storm of rage
That thou dar'st not dire vengeance wreak
Upon thy kindest friend.
Fye on thee for a race of hounds
And filthy knaves:—
Thou knowest slavery no more
Than thou hast placed upon thyselfes.
Thou cringest, takest, and when need
Doth bark again behind thy heels
Thou fliest to him whom thou curst
And beggest him to succor thee again,
But never thinkest to return
In service free and proud
The price of all he gave.
Great God of Love, look down
Upon our Race, and pity it!
Remove the blinds of cowardice and greed
Afrom its Inner Eye
So it may see and learn th' inherent power
Of Self,
And how the gift is but the wage bestowed
And fully earned.
He who doth fear to take and use
Lest he shall own his worth

As less than that of him who gives
 Doth in that thought confess
 What he would fain deny.
 Not much his strength or goodness who
 Can be enslaved by good
 And whom Good sets not free.
 Freedom ne'er is won by him
 Who for his freedom strives
 And finds it not within himself,—
 Who, thus in hate and rage, contends
 For that which in himself
 Hath through Eternity in torpor slept
 Because the Will bade not that it awake.
 Lift up thy head, Oh, Man!
 Be no more dazed and wronged
 By foolishness and ignorance of Self.
 Perform thy duty freely here,
 In cheerfulness and love,
 Till freedom hath become to thee a fact
 And slavery of any kind no more
 Is known to any one.

Complaints resounding, loud and long,
 Bitter, from the very soul of Humankind,
 Assail and shock the skies:
 Greed and corruption stalk about the land
 Exacting tribute of men's lives and toil;
 The prison-walls bulge out

With loads of vice and criminality :
The people are insane, an one with wrath
That some one wrested from his hand
The prize he sought :
Another's mind gave way because he thought
To bear too large a burden of success
In deeds unclean,
Repugnant to the Inner Sense
Which feeds on Truth and Love.
Yet on the mothers of the Race,
Fragile Womankind,
Must rest, in measure large,
Responsibility for all these things
Which they, the most, condemn.
If they cannot give up their strife with men,
Their grasping for those earthly joys which
 they
Imagine men to have at their expense,
'Twere useless to prolong
The agony of human life
By bringing further children to the world.
A time, in passion and in heat,
She gives herself, and then regrets
The pangs to come :
She hates the father of her babe unborn ;
She rails against his poverty, perhaps,
Or else his wealth ;
She strives against his slightest wish
And fills her mind with thoughts composed

With envy, protest, and the like.
What wonder that her child is born
Bereft of will or hope in nobler things?
Let Woman bring her children forth in Love
Of men, of Nature and of Self.
Then no more will she find herself outraged
And wronged of men.
If from the Thought of Happiness and Truth
No child is born,
How can appear within the world of men
These greater gains?
Thy State thou hast produced, Oh, Man,
From out thyself.
Cleanse at its source the filthy stream
Which desecrates thy globe
And see if honesty and right flow not
Within the channels where thou now
Canst see but wrong and shame.
'Tis only ignorance and sense of fear
Which doth produce thy slavery and vice,—
The ignorance of that Great Law of Good
Which would control all things —
A blindness to the Vision of the Soul
Which sees and knows the unity of all
In Racial Weal.

Heard I not thy cries, Oh, my people,
While in yon temple-tower I sat

And hearkened as thy bitter, hopeless
Wail of pain rose heavenward?
The land in agony travails
And ever bringeth forth fresh horrors
More hideous and grim.
'Twere useless to appeal unto the gods
For blest release from pain and woe
That germinate within thy very souls.
Cleanse thou thy minds and hearts
And all about thee shall grow pure and sweet.
Do not those things which thou conceivest
 " sin ";
From prostitution keep thy frames of flesh,
Nor give thyself in aught
To vileness or to wrong.
Seek thou, again, the knowledge of the One
And Highest Good;
Forsake thy images of gold and stone
And bow thyself, in humbleness,
Before the altar which thy fathers raised
Unto the Good of All.
Do I not see thy women and thy men
Contend for power,
While little children rove the streets
Uncared for and unloved?
While Woman strives in argument
Upon her " rights "
Do not the vermin thrive within her house
And foul corruption's stench pervade the land?

Nay! I say not at all that Woman hath no
soul.

If Man, the male, is born to endless life,
So is his female mate:
In mind she is his equal, but no more:
The God of Human Love
Is still the God of Freedom and of Right:
Yet when a half of all the Race
Would sit with idle hands and idle minds
And feed itself to fullness on the fruits
The toil of others hath produced,
Giving nought of labor or of care
As price therefor,
Most surely strife must come
And bitterness and hate grow in the heart
Of him who serves,
Receiving not the wage that is his due.
Upon the Scales the Lords do sit
And weigh unto a hair
The lives and thoughts of all.
Equality and singleness doth dwell
Within the Mind of Om,
And only by aspiring unto these
Shall men grow to the stature of Themselves.
That woman who devotes
Her body and her sacred parts
To nothing but the pleasure of a man,
And giveth nothing else
Of service or of thought,

Doth prostitute herself for worldly price,
Consisting in the shelter and the food,
The clothing and the things of Earth
She doth consume.
Gives not the man to her, in act of sex,
As much as she?
Besides, he doth devote to her
The labor of his hands, his time and thought.
She sitteth back in idleness
And sayeth unto him:
"Thou art my dog and slave:
Give me to eat and drink:
Provide fair raiment wherein I
May walk the streets and win
The admiration of some bigger fool than thou.
Provide me horses, servants and the means
Wherewith to make these other women mad
With envy and with jealousy of me.
Do this, thou cur, or I shall seek
The courts where swift divorces are obtained
And take from thee thy houses and thy land,
And tribute shall exact from thee
Through all thy days.
Nought for thy comfort need I care,
For I am free and thou art but an animal:
The price thou payest for the joys of sex I give
Is not enough:
Pay more, or die, thou dog!"
May Om, in pity, hold his hand:

May God, in sorrow, hover o'er a land
Where teachings such as these are spread
 abroad
And held by most of womankind.
Dost wonder that thy children grow to men
Consumed by gnawing lust
Of avarice and greed,
Unprincipled and full of horrid deeds?
I charge thee, Woman, cleanse thy soul
And learn that equal labor thou shouldst give —
Responsibility unto the man who hast
To thee devoted time and strength and love.
Canst thou recall the fate
Of Emor and Eceerg;
How, when their womanhood grew mad,
Promiscuous and void of love of home
And children, as of old,
Their men grew weak,
Unable to withstand the savage hordes
Who on them fell,
And darkness lasting centuries
Descended on the world?
Beware lest love of freedom make thee slaves.
E'en now I see the structure thou hast built
Grow heavy in its top:
Thy culture, balanced not by service given
By each to each and each to all,
Must breed its own decay,
And civilized Atlantis' mighty tower

Must reel unto its fall.
For thee there is reserved a fate
More swift, more harrowing; —
The gods, themselves,
Shall carry out their own decree
And bury thee
Beneath the waves.
But there are some who say,
“It is not I who bringeth down
Upon the heads of all humanity this fate.
'Tis Destiny. 'Tis God. Man can do nought
To avert or change His Will.”
Thus do they speak as babes would speak:
They cannot see that Cosmos willeth not,
But sits enthroned within Himself.
'Tis but the part which can create and build.
The All knows nothing but Itself
On which to work Its Will —
Is Absolute (thou say'st)
And in perfection needs
Nor thought nor care for aught.
Yet Earth doth groan in pain,
And shall destroy
That which doth thrust within its bowels
Uneasy thoughts of avarice and wrong.
The powers Man doth ascribe unto the gods
Are his, alone:
'Tis but in rising in his consciousness
Towards his Soul

That he awakes within his Self
 The god-like powers
 Which only can avert impending doom.
 This men can do,
 And to the Race of Man I plead that they
 Will unity,
 Equality in every sense,
 Love that on service feeds,
 Male for the female sex
 And woman, too, for man,
 Hold fast in mind —
 Not only think, but also live.
 Thus fell destruction thou shalt ward aside,
 But never else,
 And in th' creative force contained in Higher
 Love
 Build up in Truth anew
 What thou hast rent in twain.

Thou askest as to "causes":
 Perplex not thy minds o'er this,
 My children,
 But rest content in the assurance
 That Universal Wisdom and Beneficence
 Are the Sources of thy being,
 And all things else.
 Nothing less than All can be the Cause of All.
 As back thy mind progresseseth

In search of origins,
It halteth nowhere short
Of the Infinite —
Of that Ultimate Verb from whence
All actions spring:
In that which was before a beginning
And which shall endure
When all seeming shall have ceased to be:
In that which is and yet which
Containeth the potentialities of Non-Being;
That Universal Paradox, which, sphinx-like,
Sitteth in contemplation and in silence
Brooding over all Creation.
Rather, thou shouldst concern thyself
With thy own attitude of mind
Towards this " Ultimate "
Than to endeavor to penetrate Its Secret:
Many are they who so have striven
And some there are who have said
That they have caught within their net
The Formless, the Void, the Infinitely Subtle:
Believe them not, for they speak
Nought excepting vanities and ignorance:
Ever look upwards towards th' Eternal,
The Greater Wisdom, the Higher Good,
And strive to increase, ever,
Thy understanding of It and all Its contents,
Knowing, however,
That thou canst not imprison It

Or place upon It
The limitations of thy reason,
For Life exists without cause
And superior to all relations.
Blessed is he who doeth good,
For unto him shall flow
The streams of Purity and Virtue;
Blessed is he who holdeth the thought of Love
And who doeth excellent things for their own
 sake,
For unto him shall the love of men be given
And through him shall pour
The waters of the knowledge of Eternal Life;
Blessed is he who seeketh the Truth
In the realms of the Spirit,
For he shall increase, ever,
In apperception and consciousness
Of the indwelling of Glory and Rectitude
In that "I-Am" Who is within him;
Yea, a thousand-fold blessed is he
Who seeketh after the secrets of Himself
Contained within His Own Spirit
And findeth *there* all causes and all effects,
Instead of aimlessly and hopelessly
Laboring upon the Impossible
And striving to chain in the bonds of the finite
The Infinite and Boundless:
Speak not to me of "rewards" and "punish-
 ments,"

For Life neither recompenseth nor withholds.
The gods who control the lower worlds
May mete out the measure of "good" and
"evil"

Unto the children who know not Themselves
And who heed not the Voice of Higher Good
Speaking from Within:
But they are the gods of the heathen
And the untutored
And have no dominion
Over the Children of the Soul.
Verily, the soul knoweth no ruler
Save the Unity of Self,
And boweth in worship at no shrine
Excepting Its Own Divinity.

Truly speak those who say that Man
Hath been born of his environments;
Likewise sooth say those who affirm
That Man hath created his every condition:
Some contend that the material is the real
And that the Spirit hath no being,
While others assert that substance
Containeth no reality,
But only the Spirit hath power:
The thought of wisdom hath awakened its
echo
In the mind of the teacher,

And unto the people he cometh again
To read unto them the Riddle of Life:

The Consciousness is the One Reality,
The only Truth, the divine and infinite creative
force:

While It is involving in the bondage of substance
The desires of Earth are the stronger —
The "I-Am" grows weaker and weaker —
The voice of the Spirit grows feebler
Until it is lost in the silence:

Then comes a tremendous awak'ning
The Consciousness springs from its slumbers:
Swift raising itself in the midnight,
A bright, wingèd angel it visions
Whose eyes shoot the flame of the lightning
And whose voice stills the crashing of thun-
der:

"Thou art one with the Source of Creation;
Thy soul is the Bridge of the Midnight
On which I have come through the blackness
From out of the Realms of the Morning.
Take my hand and be guided to Glory,
Thou, who hast denied that the Spirit
Hath sway in the region of mortals."
Then out of its clay and its sorrows
The Consciousness speeds as a star-beam
Projected through Spaces Eternal,
Until, in the garb of a cherub,

It joins in the Chorus of Gladness.
The Anthem of Power re-echoes
Across all the vault of the heavens,
At first, sweet as melody given
From the souls of the roses and lilies,
While Consciousness grows more entangled
In th' bonds of its Spirit surroundings,
Till at last it sinks down in a torpor,
As though it were drunk with its triumph,
All sodden and dead in its excess:
Now, lying outstretched in its slumber,
A vision appears to the sleeper,—
A dream of this World and its beauties;
The low of the cattle, the bark of a dog,
The song of the birds, the hum of the bees,
The voice of a child calling unto its parent;
The picture of oceans and mountains and rivers;
The peace of the country, the stir of the town:
The prone figure rises and calls to his angel:
“I pray thee to bear me back unto the Earth!
There Heaven I see in its greatest abundance.
The joys that are here are but tasteless and
void.
The lesson is learned thou hast taught to my
being —
That Consciousness, only, is heaven or hell;
That only the Soul hath the power creative
And I-Am unchanged whether Spirit or Man!
Let me speed to the World to master its secrets

And bring there to substance the dreams of that
Soul,
In art and in beauty, in clay and in metal,
Find angels and glories, find spirit and love —
At will learn to give unto matter or vision
What truth and reality I know is wise! ”
I leave thee this symbol, my people, to ponder,
And pray that the Master be born in thy soul.

BOOK III
THE PLAY

PROLOGUE

AGAIN the Voice within his soul awoke
And said:

“ Sir scribe, thy tale hast now been told
And thou hast read the record of the past
Engraven on the precious silver leaves
And bound within the golden backs ensrolled
With symbols sacred to all human thought.
The Holy Book which thus thou foundest there,
Deep-hidden in the archives of thy mind,
Doth of Experience her wisdom take.
He who can read, in any wise, the past,
And paint its pictures e'en as thou hast done,
Should also have the power to outward turn
The search-light of his thought and pierce the
gloom

That o'er the future broods ; a high ideal
Of coming races place before the minds
Of present men, so they may clear behold
That nobler good for which their spirits strive :
Look, and portray as best thy feeble words
Permit, the institutions that await,
And, leaping from the Present's highest peak,
Upon the Muse's wings go forth to where

The great rehearsals now are being held
Of what the Earth must see when comes the crest
Of that vast flood of Atlantean souls
Which Hoo-Ahm said must sweep o'er all the
world."

A wave of wondrous peace engulfed his mind :
His consciousness forsook its dwelling-place
Amid the scenes of present earthly life,
And in a chariot of crystal light,
Propelled by swift etheric potency,
Shot into viewless Space :

 Soon was the Earth
A silver, shining star, until 'twas lost
Entirely to the sight :

 As out his thought
Approaching Time traversed, in vision rose
About it scenes of death and horrid war ;
Great aeroplanes the atmosphere confused
And met in mighty fleets in conflicts dire ;
The women rent their hair and on the land
Joined in the fray with powder, steel and bomb :
Reverberating shock of battle thrilled
And chilled his pregnant soul with grief and woe.
Then came a space where peace and quiet
 reigned :

He saw great meetings held, the peoples sad
Yet wiser than they now are in the world.
Joy then ensued, and entered he within

A place of beauty like to which before
His thought had never dreamed; — as on a
stage

The eyes within the soul beheld the play
Of life as it shall be when on the Earth
The Atlantean Age again shall wake.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HOO-AHM, Ancient of Days

NEPTUNA, World Mother

IRANOS, World Father

HERMOS, male

ELECTRO, male

MARTA, female

SOLOS, male

APHRODITA, female

MENTOS, male

DIANE, female

EDA,

HUGH,

CHILD,

The one hundred senators, the one thousand
lords, people, etc.

} The seven princes of the
soul

THE PLAY

ACT I

Scene: A fair-like park. In the middle-distance a beautiful white-marble building. Right-center, a bubbling fountain. To the left, a table and rustic seats. Time, late afternoon.

[Enter EDA, a girl of twenty-two, skipping playfully, pursued by HUGH, a young man of twenty-five.]

EDA

Dear boy, please stop. I will not, now. Be still. Some day, perhaps, that little kiss you beg I shall bestow.

HUGH

But why not now? Did you not say
Your love is all my own? Did we not swear
Our faithfulness and truth?
Did we not sing the ancient wedding-song,
While all the people, mad with their delight,
The chorus joined?
Then are you not my bride, and are not mine
Your lips to kiss again?

EDA

You are my sweet, my very own, my childhood's
love:

Come, now, and take the tribute that you beg.

[She pouts her pretty mouth.

HUGH *springs, with arms outstretched,
To clasp her to his heart.*

*But ere he catches her, she slips away,
And tantalizing, stands by the table's
other side.*

*At this, he turns about, and makes as
though*

*To leave the place, but EDA,
Ere he steps, has reached his side
And around his neck*

Entwined her bare and beauteous arms]

EDA

Sweet one, I did not mean to hurt. Take,
darling, please,

A thousand willing kisses from your bride.

[They kiss. He leads her to the seat]

HUGH

Did ever call to mind, dear heart,

How happy, in the wise provision of our State,
Has been our lot?

'Twas but a day or two ago I read a book
That told how men and women wed

A thousand years or more ago —
How marriage was a game of slender chance
Where odds were over ninety-nine to one
Both players lost.
Mismatings were the rule and courts were held
Where these unhappy pris'ners were set free
From bonds conjugal harsh and irksome,
Galling as chain of steel upon the tender flesh.
Then men were still unlearned, save here and
there
A lonely soul, in that great language of the stars
Which now is all the law we need.
'Twas in those days before the race of golden
skin
And auburn hair had come again to Earth
To build anew, upon the wreckage vast
Of ancient strife,
Atlantis' fallen realm, based on the unity
Of Higher Spirit Spheres.
You must recall how we were hither brought,
You from old England's shores,
I from the verdant isles of southern seas,
That in the future we should know this day ; —
How since then we have learned that on the day
We each were born, a natal chart was cast,
And when we each had grown to riper months
The higher Ones enrolled us in the schools
So we might come together as we have.
Here we have worked together all these years,

164 **The Ancient of Atlantis**

Have joined in sport and play, and now, at
last,

The sweetest joys of life may know in love's
embrace.

'Tis good to live in such a world, when thought
Reverts to other centuries, when men were wild
To madness in their lust for power and wealth
And in their strife for liberty grew crazed
And blind to truth and joy of service given.

EDA

Indeed, my soul, our lords are true and wise!

E'en not a sparrow wings its flight

Amid the woodland leaves that they know not.

And all their mighty potency and power

Is spent to weld in unity of love and thought

Our wondrous Race.

The highest heaven of them all is this, our
Earth,

And on this Earth no happiness so blest

As this dear love of ours!

HUGH

The song rings through my mind, my queen:

“Blest is the wedding-day;

Join hearts and hands.

No one can disobey

When Love commands.”

"No one *can* disobey when Love commands."
And 'tis by the power of purest love of all
That all these startling changes have been
wrought,—
Starling when one stands behind the march of
Time
And sees what but a single thousand years have
done.
I can recall a life I lived about that space ago —
How, ever in my search for you, I went abroad,
But never found you in those ninety years,
And how the taste of other lips seemed flat and
stale,
Without that sweetness now I sip from yours.
Hand in hand, heart to heart, through centuries
of time,
Our love shall lead our steps to highest spheres
Of Truth Sublime,
In gladsome service rendered and bestowed.

EDA

[*Rising*]

Come, dear, we must not linger here too long:
The telepathic call to wider duties sounds.
Among the Thousand we have been enrolled.
'Tis said affairs of moment are this day
To be considered in th' assembly hall.
Too, we must bear in mind to-day we celebrate
The natal date of that imperial mind

Who, first of all Atlantans, forced his way
 Through adverse throngs of disembodied souls,
 And built the astral bridge o'er which
 Our race has later poured, to win again
 The sovereignty of this Planet, and its joy.

HUGH

[Regretfully]

Yes, I suppose you're right, and what seems
 selfishness

Must yield the place to duty of the hour.
 Still, happiness is found in larger, better share,
 In going thus with you to work for Man.

*[Arising, he encircles her waist with his
 arm]*

[They leave the stage to rear]

*[Enter IRANOS and NEPTUNA, silent, yet
 seeming, from expression of counte-
 nances, to be engaged in interchange
 of thought. They take their seats]*

NEPTUNA

Those two dear ones who just have gone
 Have left most happy influence behind.
 As passes every hour I realize the more
 How blessed is our labor for the World
 And why the very trees, the plants and stones,
 in sooth,
 This day are singing anthems in the praise

Of great Hoo-Ahm, who saved this Planet from
Disintegration and destruction being wrought
By strife and discord welling from men's minds.
The last of all Atlantis to go hence,
He came again, the first, to lead his cherished
Race
Once more to victory.

IRANOS

Still, wisest Mother of Mankind, our Hermos
says
That Hoo-Ahm's work is never done, and that
at e'en
He will appear again and at the congress prove
That Universal Love still holds its sway.
The greatest of his teachings, as we know,
Was showing how the concentrated thought
Of all the Race could purge the World of woe
and pain,
And even from his usurped throne hurl ancient
Death,
Who now no more is known in any sphere
And who, amid the outer, unimagined void of
nothingness,
Since then has dwelt.

Yet Mentos, keeper of the books,
Has brought Electro, kind and true,
The birth-date of a child now five years old
Which seems to point the fact that souls

Not yet regenerate can still find lodgement here
 Upon our planet's face. A flaw has been discerned

In our structure which we held so free
 From imperfection of the slightest kind.
 Action swift and purposeful must be commenced
 To see that germs of sin and death find not
 A single point of vantage on this globe:
 Before the dread disease can spread
 We must uproot it and destroy its power.
 Therefore, to-day, the mental call was sent
 That all the lords should gather here to-night.

NEPTUNA

[Arising]

And as the hour draws near, great one,
 Perhaps we best had go to join the throng.

[Exit towards palace]

CURTAIN

ACT II

Scene: A large hall; ornamented, arched ceiling, supported upon four double-columns, ornately carved and covered with gold and precious stones; frieze showing decoration, in color, of heroic figures; foreground filled with seats in which are seen handsome, stalwart men and women, all apparently in the years of early maturity, similarly clad in robes of orange color; over their heads, to the rear, a stage is set as follows:

In the back, three seats, elevated above steps: Central chair is vacant, in that to the right IRANOS, bearing the mason's mallet and chisel to the left, NEPTUNA, holding a trident in her hand, both of them robed in gleaming white-satin tunics:

Below, in a semi-circle, are seated the seven Princes of the Soul; beginning at the left end, MENTOS, bearing the winged globe of Mercury as his symbol of office; next APHRODITA, bearing the horn of plenty; then DIANE, carrying a crescent upon a rod; then, in the center, SOLOS, cus-

todian of the wheel of fate; next, MARTA, bearing the sword of retribution; then ELECTRO, in one hand a symbol of the lightning and in the other the cup of philanthropy; lastly, HERMOS, bearing the scythe of Time and the scales of Justice.

In a larger circle, about these, who are clad in purple and violet-hued garments, are seated the one hundred senators, or adepts, robed in harmoniously blending shades.

In the ample galleries are crowds of the people and the lesser ranks. It is noticeable that there is no distinction in the attire of men and women, whose clothing is such as to leave perfect freedom of movement and unrestricted action of every member of the body. A soft, bright illumination pervades the room, although no lamp is visible. A concealed orchestra discourses strange music of slow, majestic movement and wave-like theme, in which every sound of Nature unites to form a wonderful symphony, and it seems that as the cathedral tones rise and fall different shades and colors tinge the atmosphere of the hall, producing an effect impossible to describe in sensuous power and grandeur.

NEPTUNA

[Rising. A pure, white radiance appears

*to emanate from her form and stream
outward in every direction]*

Dear sons and daughters,
Co-laborers and fellow-workers in the world of
sense,

We are gathered here upon his natal-day
To honor that great name and being sent
To open through an adverse Astral Realm
A way for those whose souls
For fifteen thousand years or more
Had waited to come into life again
Upon this globe, where once they held supremest
sway:

Barbarian hordes usurped the Earth's high
throne

And by their selfishness and cruelty to all
Engendered death and violence within the
planet's heart:

No Atlantean spirit came to birth upon this
plane

In all that lapse of time, save now and then
A chosen one, who donned the garb of flesh
So he might keep alive the fires of Truth,
And keep from utter wreck this fairest
sphere: —

The messenger and giver-forth of highest love,
Hoo-Ahm came down from angelhood and bliss
To live a life obscure, misunderstood

By those 'mid whom he dwelt and whose one
 thought
 Was for their selfish uplift and reward.
 Here, by the force of lofty, selfless aspiration
 formed,
 He built the earthly end of that great Bridge of
 Light
 Pulsed out from stellar centers where unclad
 Your souls were waiting for their homeward call.
 To-night, again, he comes to form to bless
 And cheer with vital love the hearts of men.
 Wait in the thought while speak the Psychic
 Lords
 Of what they know.

MENTOS

*[Rising, saluting the throne and turning to
 the throng]*

Great Parents of the Race;
 Peers and co-workers in the fields of thought;
 Messengers, executors and servants of the Light,
 I greet you in the mighty name of Man!
 The call was sent abroad that we should meet
 And on this holy day weigh matters grave and
 strange,
 Momentous to the welfare of our Race.
 I here am charged to write the record down
 Of what is done, and on the lower planes

Keep all in form by use of human knowledge at
its best.

Electro's jovian speech is more profound,
And he will tell the portents which disturb the
World,

And necessitate this solemn conclave now.

ELECTROS

[Taking center of stage]

Emblems of Power, Truth and Love;
Exemplars of Justice, Faith and Right,
I greet you all.

'Twill be recalled, a thousand years ago,
Our Hoo-Ahm brought the seed from which have
sprung

The wondrous institutions of our time:
How, building on the inner consciousness of
Man,

He reared this world-enfolding Empire of the
Whole:

'Twas he who, in that age of carnage, strife and
woe,

Taught men that all the noisy crew of outward
thought

Must be united in a common good, to make at
one

Their varied and in all discordant claims:
That memory and will and intellectual force
Must realize in full demands of sense and flesh

And yet by them in nothing be enslaved:
 That mental faculties, themselves, are not su-
 preme,
 But Inner Wisdom, occult, hidden forms,
 Strange voices speaking to a sense within,
 Are more in truth and might than merest mind,
 And that the heart and soul must rule at last:
 Yet over all there stands the Guardian of the
 Gate,
 The silent, whole-enshrouding Self,
 The Highest Lord, for Whom the Cosmos lives:
 That Consciousness of Him is all men's good
 And is their noblest motive while on Earth.
 Upon this plan be built a scheme of law and
 equity,
 Perceiving that when outward realms are formed
 in line
 With that creative mold within Man's self
 All harmony must reign and peace appear
 O'er all the surface of this whirling globe.
 He taught in secret to a few enlightened minds
 These unheard truths: He showed them how
 To give to one of ten, alone, the power of will
 and choice
 To represent them in a higher grade,
 Still holding in themselves the privilege
 To call him from his honored place
 Should he in aught prove faithless to their
 trust:

Ten of these representatives would meet
And unto higher orders name one of themselves;
Until, decimating thus,
The ranks we term the Thousand
And the Hundred were attained:
Building, thus, upon the very earth,
In light of truth each one the servant of the
whole,

Most wondrous changes soon ensued.
All selfish power was wrested from those men
Who worshiped at the shrines of sin and death;
The nations, in a century, became at one;
Their bound'ry lines were blotted out;
Distinctive language disappeared;
A Universal Empire was set up,
All officered by chosen souls, the best
And noblest minds and purest lives
In all the world.

The centuries which then ensued
Saw strife between the sexes cease;
The male and female minds attuned
To selfless, soulless labor for the whole,
Found nothing more to strive against,
While that once mystic language of the stars
Became the guide when men and women joined:
No more unwelcome children came to life
'Mid scenes discordant or with anger rife.
All things were well, indeed,
And for five hundred years

Sweet peace and blest accord have swelled from
Earth

The holy anthem of the Perfect Universe.
The Vibratory Law was understood and taught
By those most saintly, chosen ones,
And when were called, in conclave such as this,
In after times, the wisest and the best of men,
Their silent, focused thought became their
sword,

Their armor and their strength.
For sev'ral hundred years no soul has hither
come

Who bore the karma of an evil thought or deed,
Until this present time, when Diane, in her
guard

In hours of night, about five years ago,
Beheld a lurid spark of danger cleave the air
And enter in a child who then was born.
Its horoscope was cast, and dire portent
Of evil to all men was there portrayed.
This little one was watched with unremitted care
In hope she would outgrow her wretched birth;
But nothing has availed: she still remains
Unsoftened by our love, demanding that the
world

Shall give to her her own
Without regard to others' right or leave.
The case is sad, indeed, for mentally the child
Is wonderful in beauty and in strength,

E'en charges others in the Wisdom Words
'Tis said were given by the gods
To do the duty that she bids.
Th' hideous magic which so many ages held
Its horrid sway and which Atlantans know
Brought fell destruction on our Race before
'Twould seem has come again with this poor
child.

What is your will, my lords?
Shall once again be had resort to power of
thought
To mercily relieve this body of its soul?

MARTA

Fair queens and kings of might,
I rise to speak a word.
This sword of retribution which I bear
Is symbol of the noiseless force of thought.
Aggressive and protective both alike,
It stands for highest liberty and law.
He who would yield to weakling thoughts,
E'en though compassion fills the nobler mind,
At such a bitter hour, has broken faith
With that supremest law, the Good of All.
What says Iranos, great Father of our State,
Upon this doleful case?

IRANOS

[Rising]

Dear friends and children of our love,

We doubt ourselves in wisdom wise enough
To judge this child.
Perhaps those parents first, who in their thought
Upreared conditions such as drew this one to
 them
Should be destroyed, yet it is said
They have been taken hence by heavenly powers,
And in the other spheres
Are held to expiate this fiendish crime
Against the soul to whom we now refer.
Let us be silent, concentrating all
Our mental forces on Hoo-Ahm, the Good,
And see if he will not appear to us
To lead us to the Higher Wisdom's Self.

[Profound silence fills the chamber. Each form relaxes and inward turns the mental eye to visualize the thought IRANOS gave — the Ideal Man, the Bearer of the Truth to bleeding worlds. A light, faint at first, then momentarily growing brighter, glows about the vacant chair. A human form seems crystallizing there amid a cloud of luminous and radiant mist. Then came a lightning flash. All eyes are opened, and upright, within the central chair, the ANCIENT sits, about his head an aureole of purest white; his body translucent and sending forth rays of dazzling brilliancy]

HOO-AHM

[Rising, and speaking in soft, musical tones, neither masculine nor feminine]

Emissary, ambassador of Light,
And servant of that Great White Lodge of
Saints

Who over-rule the destinies of worlds,
I come to thee, my people, in thy need,
In answer to thy loud, united call.
Bring forth the errant little one,
That I may show to thee
A further, larger truth of life.

[Child is brought and placed before Hoo-AHM]

Dost fear to die, sweet child?

CHILD

No, my lord. I fear nothing excepting life on
Earth.

I did not want to come!
Please send me back to that dear heaven
Where I stayed so long in perfect dreams.
I pray that you will send me back, dear lord,
I pray, I pray!

HOO-AHM

[Addressing all]

'Tis sad, indeed, for children such as this
To come to birth with thoughts resentful,

Full of strife and grief.

[Addressing her]

Dost thou not feel,

My dearest little sister in the Truth,

This Earth is all of heaven, if so thou wilt?

Thy parents made conditions sad and stern
For thee to cope against within thy soul.

One cure there is for thee: to die at once,

And be reborn, again, in body built

Anew in love.

[Addressing audience]

Hold, now, intensely, to the thoughts I give:

We charge this soul to die to present life:

*[Pause. Child sinks slowly to the floor
until she ceases to breathe. A last
gasp]*

HOO-AHM

[Quickly]

This soul shall wait outside this body's bounds

And there shall take suggestion that we give.

[Pause]

This soul is freed from all rebellion 'gainst the
Spirit's law

And wishes to return to mortal life,

To work out there, in loving peace and joy,

All karma and effects of other states.

[Pause]

This soul now enters, free from stain,

This recreated body of the child.

[CHILD slowly opens eyes, arises, gazes about; then, joyously]

How happy, light and strong I feel.

That awful misery I thought I dreamed is gone.

How sweet to live!

I feel like laughing, singing, kissing all

The good old people in the world.

[A lightning flash now blinds the eyes of all. Hoo-AHM's chair reels and falls upon the floor, empty, and where he stood no form appears. Audience, silent, dazed, rises and is dismissed by unspoken benediction of IRANOS]

CURTAIN



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